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THE NEW YORKER

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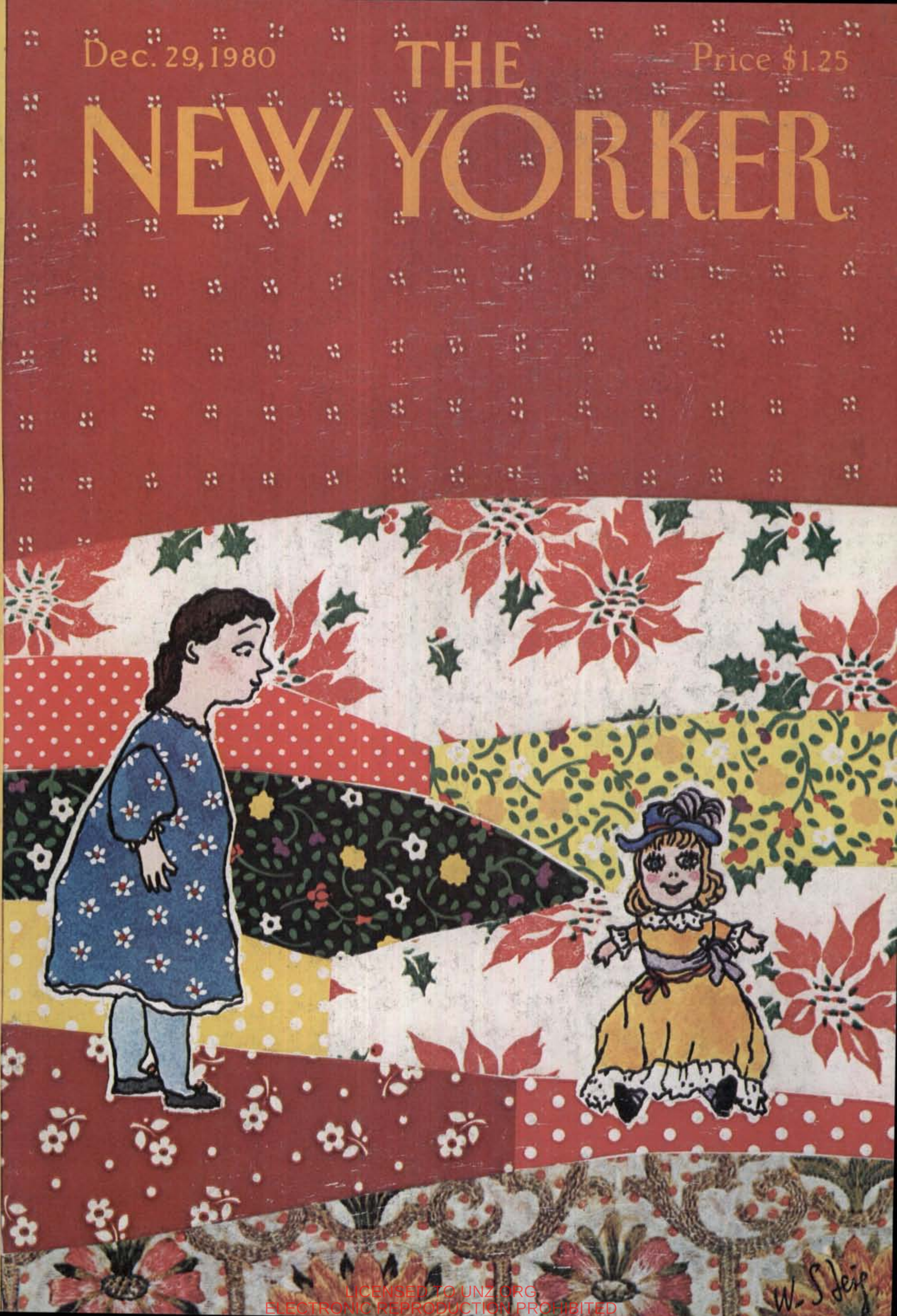

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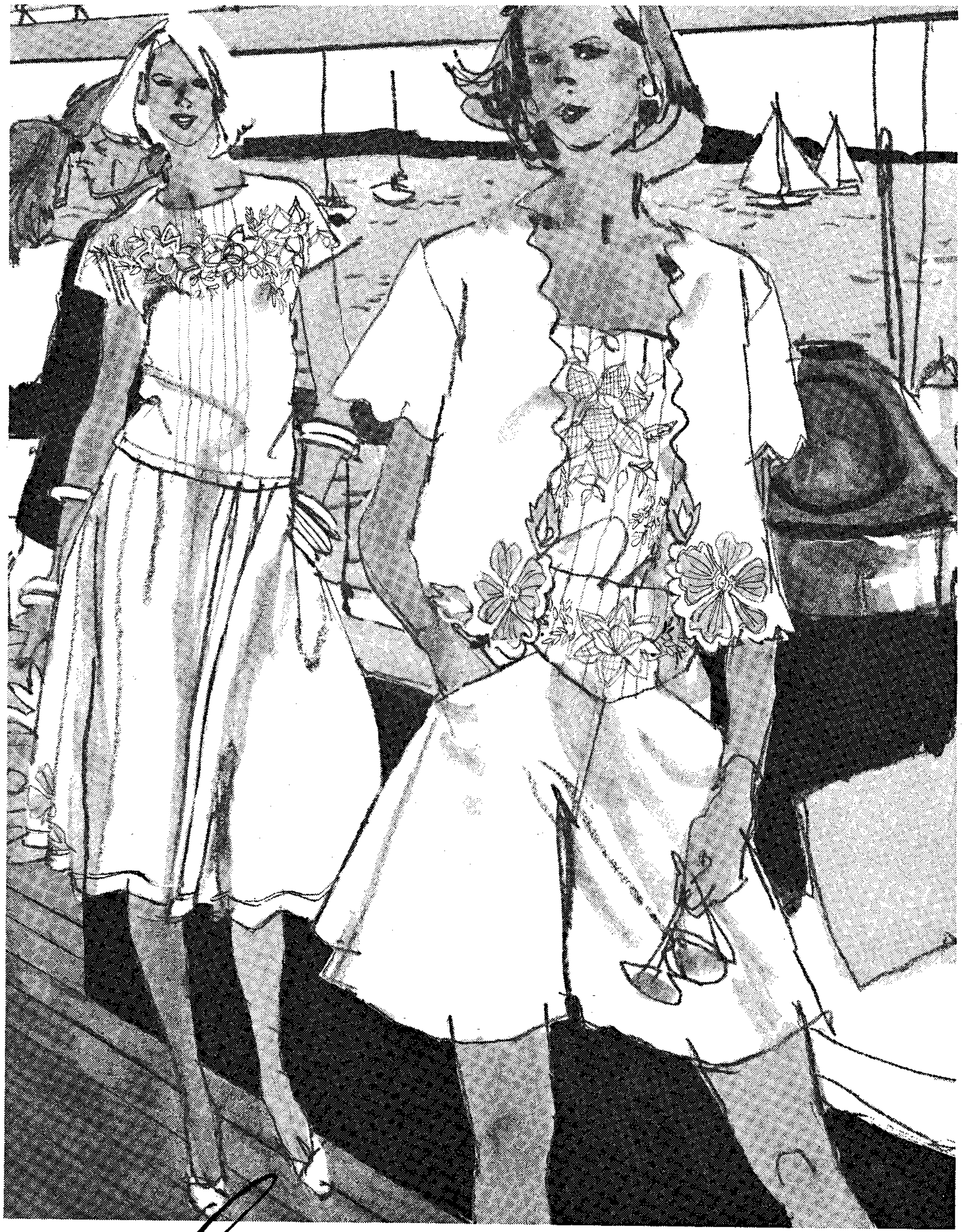

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Sundays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri, Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart, and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

Brigadoon—The songs in this 1947 Lerner-Loewe musical are immortal, but the book is not. The cast is headed by Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, Jeffrey De Munn, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

A Christmas Carol—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Final performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 5 and 8.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. Gerhart Hauptmann's play **the beaver coat,** translated by Michael Feingold, with Michael Ayr and Tanya Berezin at the head of the cast; directed by John Bishop: Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **twelfth night:** Lindsay Crouse is an enchanting Viola and Colin Stinton is a very good Feste in a lively, loose-limbed production under David Mamet's direction. Some of the clowning gets mighty trying, however. (Reviewed in this issue.) Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 27.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—A play by Beth Henley, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon, and Lizbeth MacKay. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don Juan in Hell—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Arlene Francis, Paul Sparer, and Ronald Drake. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Frankenstein—A play by Victor Gialanella, based on the novel by Mary Shelley. The cast includes John Glover, Keith Jochim, and John Carradine. Tom Moore is the director. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 28. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 29. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 2.)

Hijinks!—An ingenious and delightful musical adaptation of Clyde Fitch's Broadway hit (1901) "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The score is made up of American songs of the nineteenth century, most of them familiar, and they are very well sung and danced to by the young, gifted company, under the imaginative direction of Robert Kalfin. With Joseph Kolinski, Jeannine Taylor, and Michael Connolly in the leading roles. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

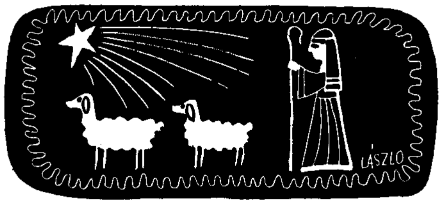
I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Dick Latessa, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A miserable family slowly stings itself to death in a big house in the snowbound Norwegian countryside. With Rosemary Murphy, Irene Worth, and E. G. Marshall, directed by Austin Pendleton. The author could only be Ibsen, that bitter, honest, and eloquent man, who shook his fist at life and yet was reluctant to say goodbye. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—Athol Fugard is a man of conscience and a playwright of high moral purpose, but his play is at once thin and verbose. With Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

A Life—Like any true Irishman, Hugh Leonard is able to write with humor about aspects of domestic life on the Ould Sod which make the inhabitants of the House of Atreus seem downright jolly. A fine play, flawlessly acted. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)



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Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Mixed Couples—A comedy by James Prideaux, with Julie Harris, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Michael Higgins as the leads. George Schaefer is the director. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 28. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; Monday, Dec. 29, and New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day at 3 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN,** a strong accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing on her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (12/22/80) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Period of Adjustment—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. Opens Friday, Dec. 26. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Philadelphia Story—Blythe Danner as Tracy Lord, a "virgin goddess" of the Main Line. Philip Barry's comedy has easily survived the many social changes that have taken place since it was written, forty years ago. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Thursdays, except Christmas, at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26; Tuesday, Dec. 30; and Friday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

Tintypes—A five-person cast, full of talent and high spirits, singing with verve the songs of our turn-of-the-century ancestors, who had something to sing about. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Fridays and Sundays at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays, Christmas, and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

True West—A play by Sam Shepard, with Peter Boyle, Georgina Hall, Tommy Lee Jones, and Louis Zorich. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special performances Christmas and New Year's Day at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24 and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, except Christmas Eve, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Christmas.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 28, and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them.

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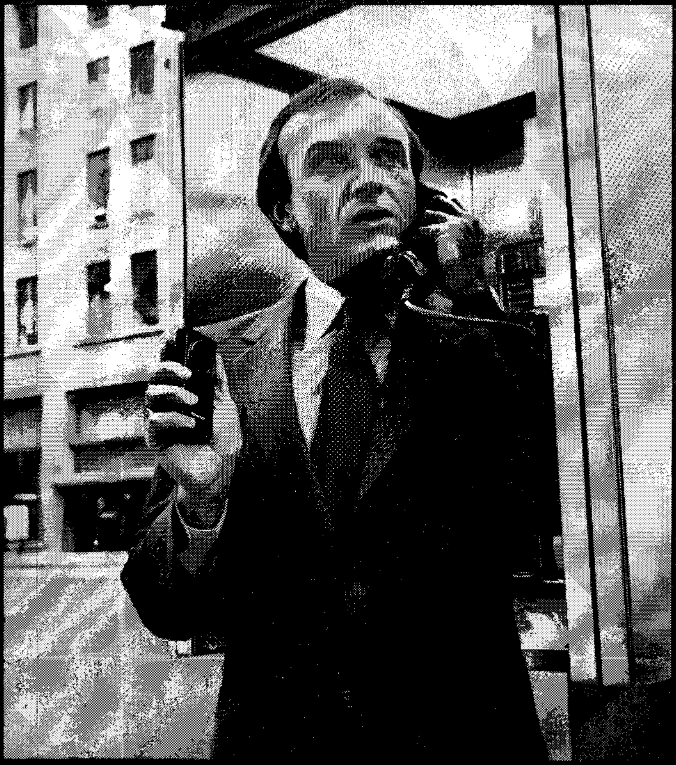

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(Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,592 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, except Christmas Eve, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Christmas at 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Truman Capote at Lincoln Center—Mr. Capote presenting a holiday program of readings from his own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 7:30; and final performance Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 2 and 6:30; an Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 11 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, a 2 and 7; New Year's Eve and Friday, Jan. 2 at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2. For tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday, Dec 24, at 1 and 5; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, a 1 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2; Wednesday Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—A benefit performance will open a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. The program: "Bele," "Concerto Barocco," and "Scheherazade" (première). (City Center, 13 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday, Jan. 3, a 7:30.)

Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus—A comedic dramatic-operatic-acrobatic-dance troupe headed by Lotte Goslar, who arrived here from Germany in 1934 with the cabaret troupe directed by Erika Mann and called The Peppermill. (Kaufmann Concert Hall 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St 427-4410. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 11, 1, and 3. *Primarily for children.*)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—"Gloria," "A Ceremony of Carols," and "Bells of Christmas." (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Dec. 24 at 7:30 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.)

Hartford Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker." (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday and Saturday, Dec 26-27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The Adele Foster trio performs on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27; and on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, drummer **AL HAREWOOD,** bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** will join forces. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. A five-part excerpt from the Widespread Depression Orchestra—it's called the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUINTET**—plays non-depressing swing music through Friday, Dec. 26. On Saturday, Dec. 27, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 3, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** will be working with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN.** On Sundays, Anne Marie Moss sings with a trio. Music from nine. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes (the management has brought in over the past few years Elvis Costello, Peter Serkin, Philip Glass, and the late Bill Evans), and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts; Monday, Dec. 29, Alessi; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, **BETTY CARTER** and the **HEATH BROTHERS;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **MOSE ALLISON** and **SIPPIE**

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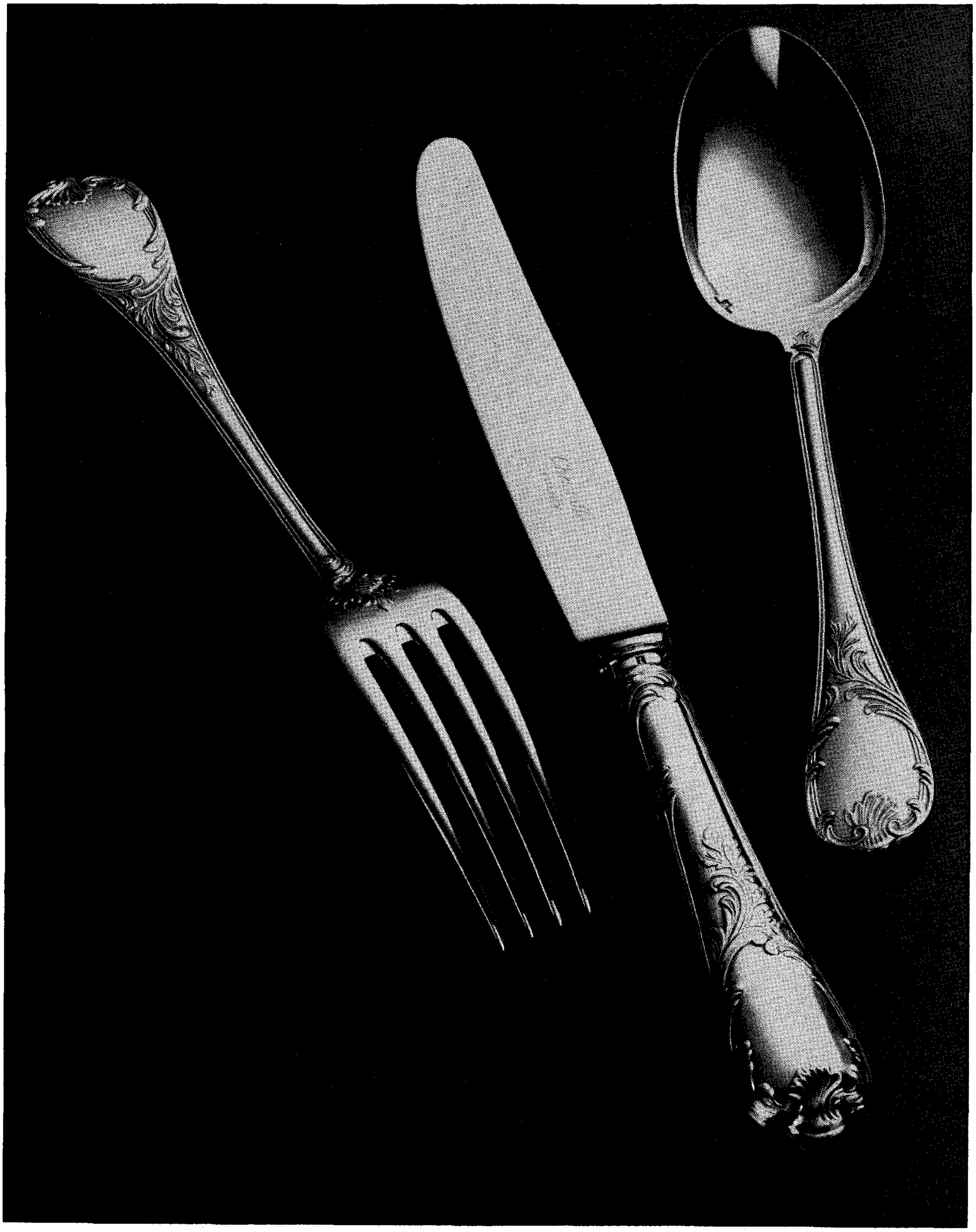

Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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WALLACE. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight, and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** the great hard-bop sideman and composer—he wrote a classic, "Freight Train"—has teamed up with the resident (it appears) bassist, **RED MITCHELL.** On Sundays, **MR. MITCHELL** works with pianist **MIKE ABENE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Christmas.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty; from ten on New Year's Eve. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A place—the Café Carlyle—to which one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of Bobby Short's trio. **MR. SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Pop Decay, 911, and Attitude on Wednesday, Dec. 24; Elliot Schneider & the U.S. Rockers and the Go on Thursday, Dec. 25; the Windows and the Article on Friday, Dec. 26; and the Rudies on Saturday, Dec. 27. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Closed Christmas Eve.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who is also a very good pianist, sings from an exceedingly large repertoire of American pop music, with assistance from bassist **JACK SIX,** through Saturday, Dec. 27. They get going at about nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas, at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and New Year's Eve at midnight. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays at nine and eleven and on Christmas, too. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The traditional-jazz house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Sunday, Dec. 28, will be given over to pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** quintet, which will feature **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet and **HAROLD ASHBY** on tenor; they begin performing at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a very popular, if controversial, pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis once called him a genius—performs with a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 28. On Tuesday, Dec. 30, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** will bring in his quartet. Music nightly, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, an overhanging second-story balcony from which one can survey the club, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this crowded SoHo club. The Manhattan Rhythm Kings perform on Wednesday, Dec. 24; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, **MAXINE BROWN** will sing *polished, spirited soul numbers; on Monday,* Dec. 29, singer **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL** will work with the resident Monday musicians, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM;** and on Wednesday, Dec. 31, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, will come in. Music every night after eleven. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** provide the music; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Saturdays from seven to ten, and Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** playing stride specialties in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. *Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates* with the trio after nine. On New Year's Eve the Napoleon trio will alternate with a dance band from nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Friday, Dec. 26, Neighbors & Allies and Insect Surfers, and Saturday, Dec. 27, Fleshtones and Rank & File. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 28-29.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying the nearby Flatiron Building. The guest musicians are alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27; and singer **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL** on New Year's Eve and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI**. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by Mr. Roditi and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** who begin co-piloting a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are the piano-bass team present Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays are the property of **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY.** Music nightly from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and it starts at eight-thirty. The lineup includes Kinky Friedman, an irreverent, to say the least, Texas Jewish cowboy folkie, on Thursday, Dec. 25, and Sunday, Dec. 28; and rockabilly singer Robert Gordon on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** a baritone who used to have them swooning in the aisles of the Apollo Theatre a few decades back, is singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty, and at eleven on New Year's Eve. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Black 'n' Blue, Outsets, and Guitar Avenger Band on Wednesday, Dec. 24; Cheetah Chrome and Knots on Thursday, Dec. 25; Senders and Rattlers on Friday,

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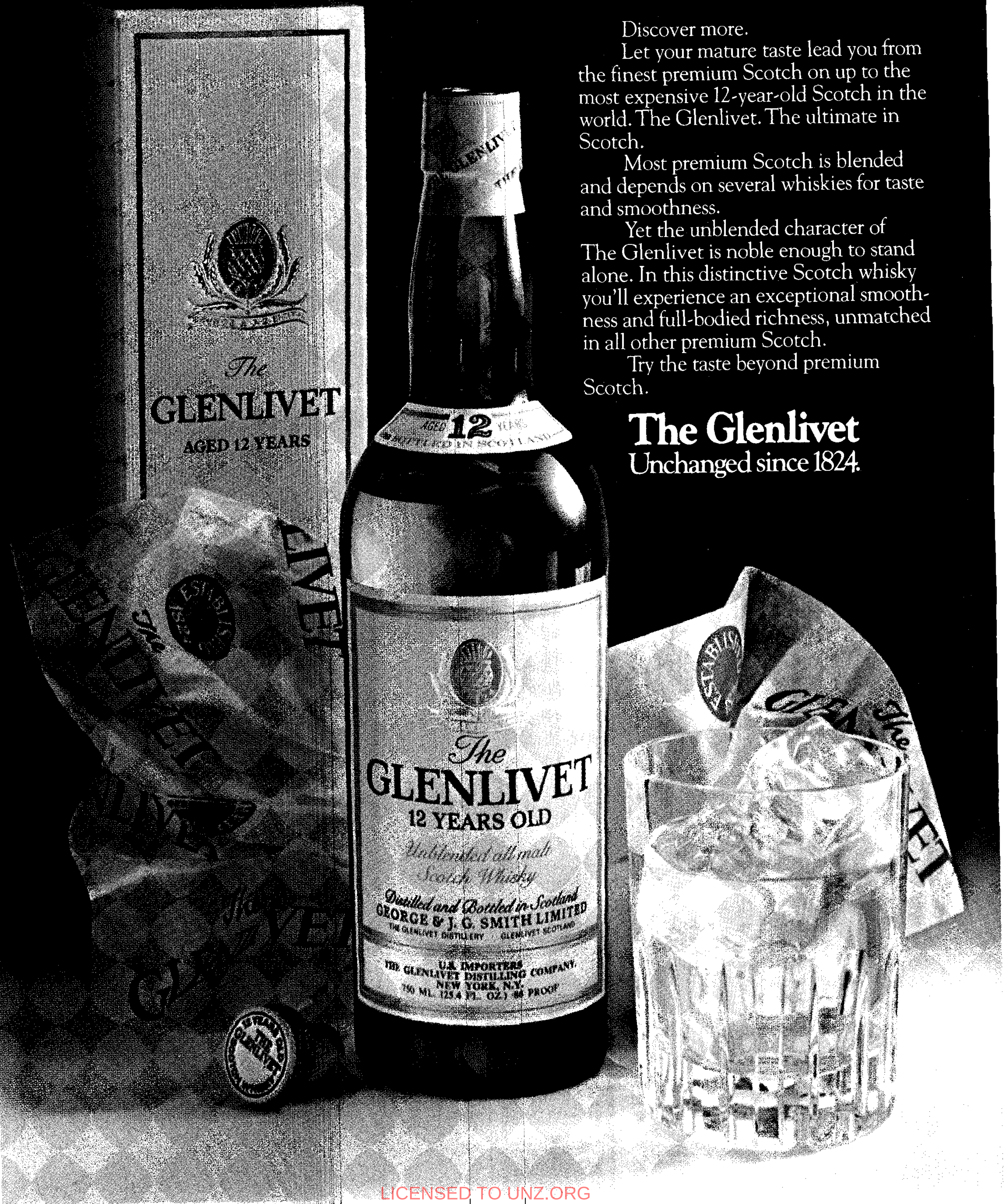
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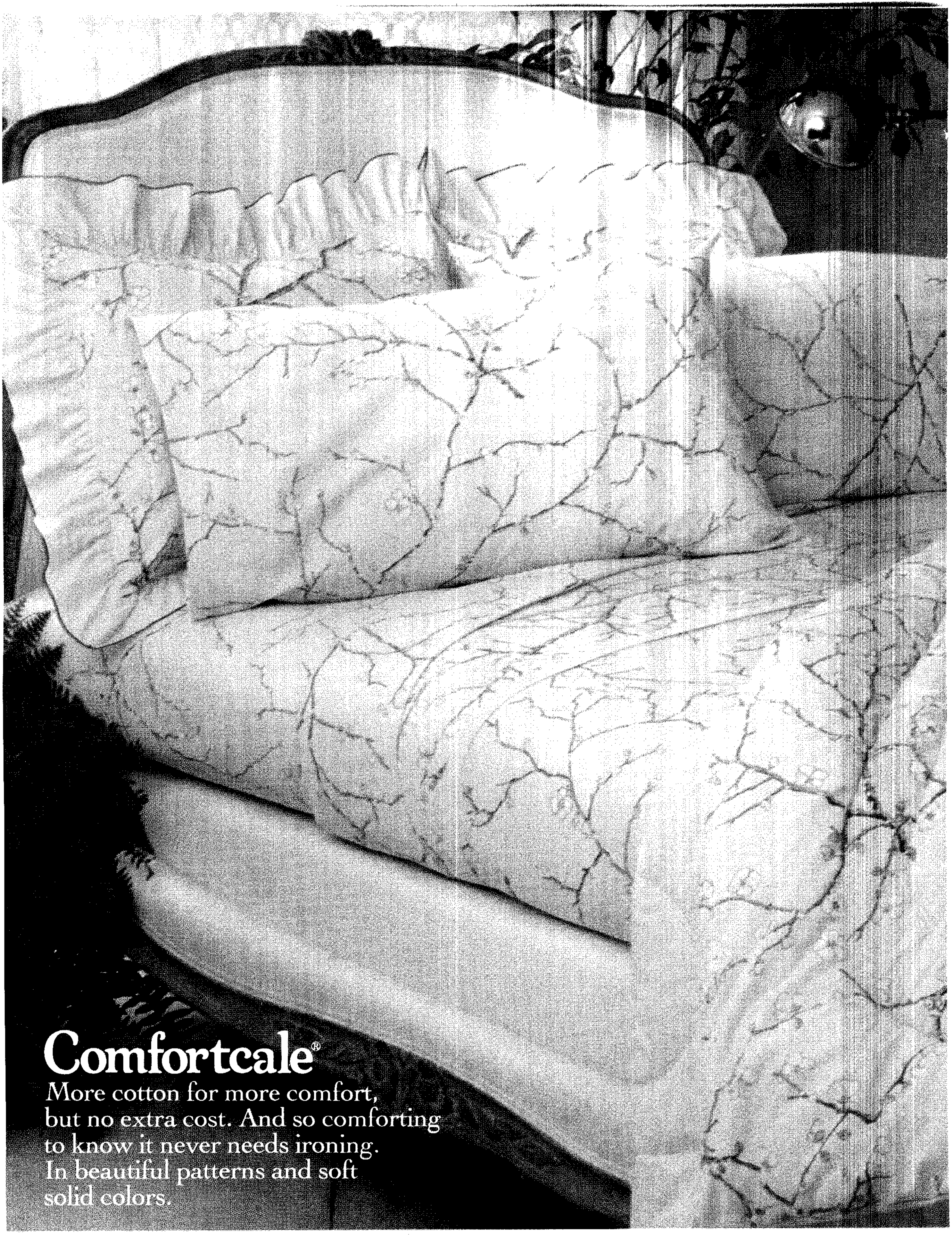

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Dec. 26; Von Lmo and Science on Saturday, Dec. 27; BMT, Chips, and Rivitones on Sunday, Dec. 28; Donna Destri, Minx, and the Jetz on Monday, Dec. 29; and Beast, Eddie Dixon, and Groceries on Tuesday, Dec. 30. Music after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN'S** Perfect Jazz Repertory Quintet—trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN,** clarinettist **PHIL BODNER,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**—has settled in. The repertory: Irving Berlin songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club. R. & B. and jazz comprise much of the music. **DEFUNKT,** a fine swinging D. & B. (dissonance-and-blues) quintet led by the swaggering trombonist, singer, and songwriter **JOE BOWIE,** will make it uptown on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and on Wednesday, Dec. 31. Soul singer Jae Mason will be here on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, and flutist Bobbi Humphrey will perform with her band on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Christmas.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** On New Year's Eve, the Strange Party will play for rock dancing from ten. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Comic Chris Rush opens the show for the **PERSUASIONS,** the sublime a-cappella street-corner-soul quintet, Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-31. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 25-27, guitarist **TONY PURRONE,** a Heath Brothers sideman, will lead his own trio; on Sunday, Dec. 28, drummer **MEL LEWIS** will head up a quintet; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, will belong to bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD,** pianist **ALBERT DAILEY,** and drummer **STEVE MC CALL;** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, saxophonist, flutist, singer, and comedian **JAMES MOODY** will perform with pianist **KENNY BARRON** and a trio. The first set begins about ten. Closed Christmas Eve.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. On New Year's Eve, Mr. Lyon will guide a dance trio from ten to two. No music New Year's Day.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: The Shirts on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27; Culture, a reggae band, on Sunday, Dec. 28; **CHUCK BERRY**—*the correct answer to the* question What is rock and roll?—and the **SHIRELLES** on Monday, Dec. 29; the Brains on Tuesday, Dec. 30; and Kid Creole & the Coconuts and Ronnie Spector on Wednesday, Dec. 31. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight, except on Monday, Dec. 29, Chuck Berry night, when they begin at about eight and eleven. Dancing. Closed Christmas Eve.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—*One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in* the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. One will find there a revue, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," which is as uninspired and graceless as its title. The performers are Annie Jo Edwards, Maureen Brennen, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett. Shows Mondays and Tuesdays at nine-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty. Dining.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture windows that face west, is, if you get there early enough, a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too, but much later in the evening. The hard-driving hard-bop **JUNIOR COOK-BILL HARDMAN** quintet is on hand through Saturday, Dec. 27. On Wednesday, Dec. 31, pianist **RANDY WESTON** will bring in a trio. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. The standout nights on the current schedule are Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, when the co-proprietor **BRECKER BROTHERS**—trumpeter **RANDY** and saxophonist **MIKE**—and their quintet take over the bandstand. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. The current catch: **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who'll play on Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** leads his combo through Saturday, Dec. 27; on Tuesday, Dec. 30, altoist **LOU DONALDSON'S** group will take over. On Sundays, **CHRIS CONNOR** sings with her backing crew, and Mondays are session nights for four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Sets from about ten. Dining.

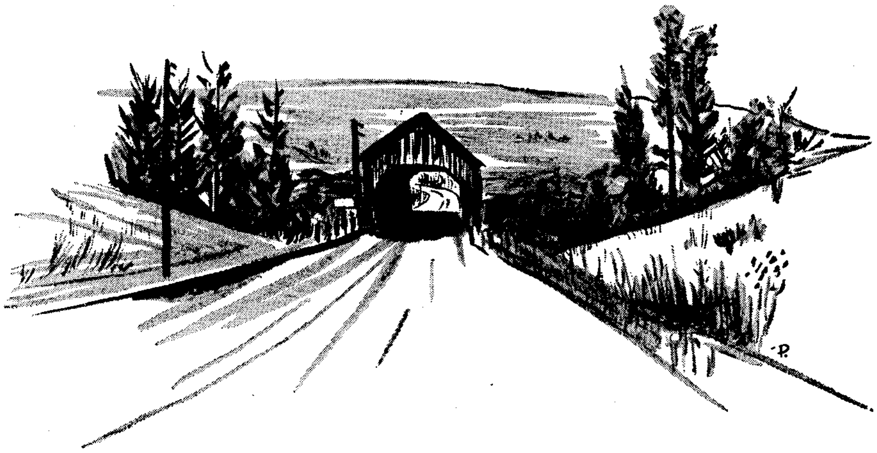
Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. Wednesday, Dec. 24, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** heads up a trio; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 25-27, drummer **EDGAR BATEMAN** will be joined by saxophonist **JAMES SPAULDING,** pianist **RON BURTON,** and bassist **VISHNU WOOD.** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** and her quartet will be in evidence. On New Year's Eve, the Capers foursome will alternate with saxophonist **GARY BARTZ,** drummer **FREDDIE WAITS,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and bassist **ALEX LANE.** And if all that isn't enough: on Sundays, the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio—that's drums, piano, and bass—works out, and on Tuesdays, pianist and singer Ellen Mandel and guitarist and singer Michael Lydon perform original neo-vaudeville music and comedy. Music from about nine, give or take a half hour.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Soul singer and songwriter **DON COVAY** will perform some of his classics on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. On Wednesday, Dec. 31, **SOLOMON BURKE,** former boy preacher and sixties soul star, will sing in the new year. Mr. Burke, who is wonderfully expressive whether he's singing loud and strafing or soft and low, can get his audiences considerably worked up, and it's a good thing he's performing so regularly in this amiable club. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing. Closed Christmas.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Human Switchboard on Friday, Dec. 26; Root Boy Slim & the Sexchange Band on Saturday, Dec. 27; and Mink De Ville on Wednesday, Dec. 31. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A lot of clubs bill themselves nowadays as rock discos—which indicates that there is dancing to rock music. This giant downstairs room with its new dance floor may or may not be *the first jazz disco; it's a good place, at any* rate, to practice the Lindy, one of the resuscitated pleasures of the past. **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play uplifting and absolutely irresistible music to Lindy to; they're here on Friday, Dec. 26. On New Year's Eve, trumpeter **DICK VANCE** & the New Orleans Blues Serenaders and guitarist **TINY GRIMES'** quartet will perform in the Top of the Gate, and saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE'S** band and a Latin-jazz orchestra will alternate downstairs; music and dancing from ten-thirty. On Mondays, there is big-band salsa from nine. And on Tuesdays, one will find jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio playing in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th



St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon said of his club in a recent radio interview, "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY'S** quintet, which features **CHARLIE ROUSE** on tenor sax, works through Sunday, Dec. 28; on Tuesday, Dec. 30, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**, who is also a superb composer and arranger, will bring in his sextet. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson; and Thursdays through Sundays Tony Regusis is the musician. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Saxophonist Percy France leads his quartet on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25; Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-30, trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four will swing; on Wednesday, Dec. 31, a swing-and-bebop quintet will be present; and Friday through Tuesday, Jan. 2-6, the **COUNTSMEN**—a quintet headed by Basie alumni **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN**—will celebrate Kansas City-style music. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STEVE FORBERT—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON—With Grace Jones. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10:30.)

TWISTED SISTER—Palladium. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27: Bob Berg & Tom Harrell quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28: Jam session. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31: Jimmy Cobb trio. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts around 9:30.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 9:30: Sun Ra Arkestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: Logos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: Ronald Shannon Jackson and Billy Bang Duo. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

VINCENZO AGNETTI—An installation (four sculptures, four photographs) by an Italian Conceptualist. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—A performing seal painted red, white, and blue and balancing a circusy trinket on his nose is typical of the cheerful standing mobiles in this exhibit, many of them never shown in public before. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CLARENCE H. CARTER / JULIO LARRAZ—Paintings and drawings from the twenties through the forties by a realist. Two of the tipoff titles are "Good Crop" and "War Bride." / Still-lifes, but not in the strictest sense. "The Spy Ship," for instance, depicts a kerosene lantern and a nearly hidden camera in a large basket of produce. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

COLO—Thirty abstract works: black oil stick on unstretched canvas and pencil drawings. Through Jan. 31. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—In addition to his familiar small paintings of pears and flowers, the subjects this year include black cherries, peaches, and peach seeds, and sometimes the pears are in triptychs. Also jewelry made in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	31	1	2	3

YURI KUPER—Large watercolor and tempera renditions of time-worn surfaces—doors, for the most part—which the artist says have a hypnotic appeal for him. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

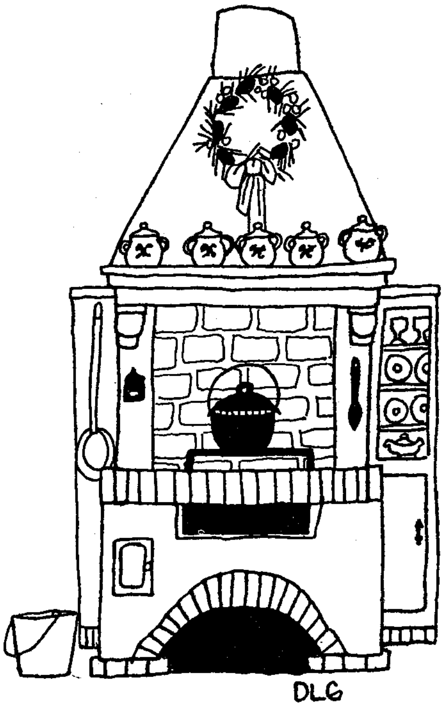
EDWARD LARSON—George Washington, Daniel Boone, and John Dillinger are three of the heroes celebrated on quilts designed by the artist and stitched up by rural Midwestern quilters. There are also twenty hand-carved whirligigs and weathervanes. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

EDWINA SANDYS—Tricky sculptural works in which silhouettes of figures are cut out of thin marble slabs, plus ink-and-acrylic drawings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Monotypes by Raphael Soyer (the only ones he has ever done), Joyce Trieman, and Susan Smyly. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Monotypes by Kenneth Callahan, Joe Lasker, Andrée Ruellan, and Linda Sokolowski. Through Jan. 10. . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Marsden Hartley, watercolors by George Ault, and other works on paper by Dan Christensen, Kikuo Saito, and others. Through Jan. 10. (Open Mondays.) . . . **TUNICK**, 12 E. 81st St.: More than three hundred eighteenth-century Italian prints, including views of Rome by Piranesi and Panini, and views of Venice by Carlevaris and Canaletto. Also: Tiepolo, Bellotto, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MORDECAI ARDON—Thirty paintings executed between 1967 and 1980 by an Israeli artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



PATRICK HENRY BRUCE (1881-1936)—Still-lifes and landscapes done between 1910-12 which reflect the influence of his friend Matisse but give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was to be doing a few years later. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

JAMES CHILDS—Pencil drawings and two silver-points by an artist who leans toward allegorical figures. One work, consisting of four panels, is an earnest tribute to the state of Minnesota, Star of the North. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

R. J. CHRISTENSEN—New semi-abstract landscapes depicting scenes in New Zealand, upstate New York, and the Everglades by an artist who favors billowing forms and roseate hues. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Fedelé, 42 E. 57th St.)

CLAUDIO—The stark white architecture of Greece, with the Aegean in the background, is the subject of most of these acrylic paintings by a Brazilian artist. Through Jan. 10. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

JANET FISH—Outsize paintings of glittering glassware and table silver. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RICHARD FLEISCHNER / EZRA STOLLER—Drawings and photographs, both related to a sculpture the artist recently completed in Woodlawn, Maryland. / Photographs of architecture, 1939-80. Through Jan. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Fridays.)

MELANIE GREENE—Large floral watercolors evocative of both Art Nouveau designs and Japanese scrolls. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Hand-carved life-size wooden heads sewn up in a leather skin with openings for the nose, eyes, and, occasionally, mouth. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—New gouaches by a landscapist. Through Jan. 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings from the last decade of his career, including the familiar colorful abstract thunderclaps; also a small number of modestly representational landscapes and interiors from the thirties. Through Jan. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JESS—Large montages composed of clippings from a wide variety of sources—saccharine figures in advertisements, Winslow Homer reproductions, antique steel engravings, Bruegel prints, anatomical charts. Through Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GUSTAV KLIMT (1862-1918) **AND EGON SCHIELE** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele's famous portrait of his father-in-law and Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primavesi. Nearly all the works were handled by the dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loan exhibit was organized. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KORTLANDER—Sunlit cumulus clouds rising above the Ohio woodlands are a favorite subject for this artist, a fifth-generation landscape painter. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesdays.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Monotypes. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Sharp-edge abstract paintings and drawings, predominantly in red, black, and ochre. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

ARCHIE RAND / STANLEY BOXER—This artist, known for his synagogue murals, is now painting small, as a discipline, and filling his work with art-history references. For instance, a de Chirico horse shares a canvas with a Chardin settee; a Hudson River-school murk provides the background for a bottle of gin. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. / Marble sculptures (beige shell and Belgium black) that are alternately roughly chiselled and smoothly polished. Through Jan. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesdays.)

Richard Shaw—Stick-man figures, three feet tall, with paint cans for the head and body, and broomsticks for arms and legs—except that the cans and the sticks and everything else are exactly reproduced in porcelain. There are also stacks of books and letters and playing cards, also exactly reproduced. Through Friday, Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Harriet Shorr—Oil paintings in which flowers are deftly distributed on solid-color (more or less) backgrounds—anemones, tulips, peonies, gladiolus, orchids—sometimes along with a piece of jewelry. Through Jan. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesdays.)

William Thon—Oil paintings of fishing boats and winter scenes around Port Clyde, Maine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Fridays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Forty-odd artists associated with the Collaborative Projects movement are showing samples of their work (paintings, drawings, sculptures) here, and it includes a lot of surprising new vision, not to mention raunchiness and unbridled vigor. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella make up the inaugural exhibit in this gallery's new quarters. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Travel sketches by Louis Kahn and collages by Richard Meier are among the works in "Art by Architects." Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **GOODMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: A showing of furniture designed by fine artists includes both practical and, well, conceptual pieces. Among the twenty-three artists represented are Richard Artschwager, Sol LeWitt, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Wilson. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: A black-and-white show that contains some impressive nuggets—drawings by Matisse, Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers, and Tom Wesselmann, for instance, and sculptures by Bolotowsky and Louise Nevelson. Through Jan. 10. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: A Christmas show entitled "All That Glisters" includes tall Grecian columns topped with miniature Parthenons by Eliot Lable; a gilded torso by Lynda Benglis; and a sort of homage to the Cimabue crucifix by Barbara Siegel, which includes photographic portraits of her and her husband as Mary Magdalene and St. John. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Ethel Edwards, Xavier Gonzalez, Lucia Salemme, and Hank Virgona. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract works by East Hampton artists done during the vintage years 1946-56, including pieces by Pollock, Motherwell, de Kooning, Ossorio, and thirteen others. This show was originally organized for an exhibition at the American Cultural Center in Paris last year. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Open Mondays; closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arthur Cohen—A large, unfinished oil of an orchestra at rehearsal in Carnegie Hall (some of the figures are only pencilled in), and various views of the Provincetown waterfront. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Naomi Nemtzow—Small paintings, mostly still-lifes and cityscapes, with special attention to the East River. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Nathan Oliveira—Large, pale, misty abstract paintings, with deliberately ambiguous elements. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Jim Sullivan—Large figurative paintings by an artist who combines swift draftsmanship with thickly laid-on acrylic buildups, as, for instance, in a café setting, where a woman customer is sketched in lightly while a tropical bird in a nearby chair is almost in bas-relief. Through Jan. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven emerging artists chosen through the Center's screening process. Included are decorated papier-mâché schools of fish by Armand Conine; small, skillful pencil drawings with a wry humor by Mark Tansey; and outsize watercolors of some regal swans by William Garbe. Through Jan. 10. (Open Mondays; closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St.: A holiday show of works by fourteen artists, among them Erté, Douglas Hofmann, Knox Martin, and Juan Sanchez. Through Jan. 4. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: A holiday show of drawings as well as paintings and sculptures by a hundred and eighteen artists. Through Jan. 8. (Opens at 11:30; closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Drawings and paintings on paper by American and Italian artists who fall in the category known as New Image: Troy Brauntuch, David Salle, Ernesto Tatafiore, and Sandro Chia are among them. Through Jan. 14. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY,** 121 Wooster St.: Twenty-four gallery artists showing a work apiece, among them Gerald Marcus with a mountain landscape; Janet Schneider with a painting of a figure personifying greed (money in his hair and both fists); and Selina Trieff with a rather Gothic portrait of a woman with a pig sitting in her lap. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Twenty or so artists, among them Eric Fischl, John Lee, and David True, are represented in this show of contemporary drawings. Through Jan. 10. . . . **WASHBURN,** 113 Greene St.: An all-star show demonstrating the effect of Matisse on American abstract painting. Among the eight artists represented are Diebenkorn, Stella, and Motherwell. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Michael Bishop / Nicholas Nixon—Color photographs that include views of small cities and rural areas. / 8x10 portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Brassaï—A small group of vintage prints from the thirties and forties are compared with those same works printed in the seventies. / Nineteen photographs in the "Secret Paris of the Thirties" series. Through Jan. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 6.)

William Garnett—A series of aerial views by a photographer-pilot. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

André Kertész—About twenty photographs showing winter in New York. Through Jan. 15. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Duane Michals—Photographs on which oil still-lifes (or portraits or landscapes) are painted; photographs and ink drawings of identical subjects; and works with images in sequence. Through Jan. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucas Samaras—Polaroids: large-scale and not-so-large, some of them manipulated, and all showing Samaras with nude models. Through Jan. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Trager—Fifty black-and-white photographs of Manhattan architecture. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work appeared in *Audubon* and *Natu-*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ral History. Through Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, *architectural studies by* Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. The costumes, worn by the ruling families and other aristocrats during the three-hundred year dynasty that ended in 1911, were designed according to strict rules and revealed at a glance the precise rank of the wearer—the five-clawed dragon, for instance, adorned the yellow robe of the emperor. . . . ¶ An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A showing of Hans Hofmann's "Renate" series; the nine paintings were completed shortly before his death, in 1966. . . . ¶ Among the eighty nineteenth-century French drawings from the Lehman Collection are those by Seurat, Redon, Renoir, and Daumier. *Through March* 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Thursday, Jan. 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Thursday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty *paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt*, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China 1979. Through Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, *10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.*)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and *decoration are unified in a single work.* Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East taken nearly a hundred years ago by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ *Andy Warhol has done a set of* portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily, except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks. Many photographs. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. *Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to* 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition *hours: Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, through* Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.—A number of artists (Valerie Jaudon, Mary Grigoriadis, William Wegman) showing various works—freestanding columns, oils, line drawings, fabric-and-paper collages—that owe some debt to the ornamental patterns in Islamic art. Through Jan. 31.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 6.—An exhibit of copies of *View* magazine and other publications (1930-49) from the collection of Charles Henri Ford. Through Jan. 31.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 6.—"Training for Leisure," an installation by Mike Glier, an artist who claims that "desire is collapsing" and makes his point via videotapes and slides, props (a double bed with black-light effects), and Muzak. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculpture), Catherine Porter-Scully (paintings), and Barbara Kruger (photographs). Through Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7459.

Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Geraldine Decker, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Ariel Bybee, Geraldine Decker, Lili Chookasian, Arthur Thompson, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Geraldine Decker, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Patricia Craig, Gwynn Cornell, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 1, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both.

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief" and Jacques Ibert's "Angélique," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

The Play of St. Nicholas—A twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 4 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Haydn-Mozart-Johann Strauss program on Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, Jan. 2, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30 (all with Young-Uck Kim, violin).

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A Vivaldi-Bach program, with Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 29, at 8: A Brahms-Schumann-Mozart program, with Yo-yo Ma, cello.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last two in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Best, tenors; Michael Burt, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 6:30.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Monday, Dec. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Washington Square Music Festival—The Mendelssohn String Quartet and the Festival Chamber Players in an all-Mozart program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin, in a Tartini-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Five members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of German Renaissance music. With Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and Jack Kulowitch, bass. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Frederick Zlotkin—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Dallas, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Jan. 2. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Display Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Final dates Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:30 and 8; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Thursday, Jan. 1, through Saturday, March 14.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—The seventh annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at eight, through the evening of Friday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

Exhibition of the People's Republic of China—Samples of modern and ancient arts and crafts, industrial exhibits, and demonstrations of paper cutting, brush painting, stone engraving, glassblowing, and jade carving. The continuous entertainment includes the martial arts, folk dancing, and cooking, the last provided by three chefs from Peking skilled in *haut-relief* cuisine. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Daily, except Christmas, noon to 9; through Sunday, Dec. 28.)

Wardrobe winner. *Jamison's poly knit shirt dress with long placket front, tie belt. Red with blue paisley motif. Sizes 6-18. $66. Mail orders: MF&S, P.O. Box 640, Delray Beach, FL 33444. Add $2.50 for handling. Or call toll free 1-800-327-3627. Write for our free catalogue.*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Empire of Passion." (No performances on Christmas and Monday, Dec. 29.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 25: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Dec. 26: "La Cage aux Folles."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Dec. 24: "Gloria" and "Wholly Moses!"
Dec. 25-31: "Private Benjamin" and "Honeysuckle Rose."
From Jan. 1: "Private Benjamin" and "Gilda Live."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Popeye."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Dec. 24: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 25: "First Family."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Inside Moves."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Flash Gordon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Formula."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Change of Seasons."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Dec. 24: "Resurrection."
From Dec. 25: "Altered States."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raging Bull."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Dec. 24: "Ordinary People."
From Dec. 25: "First Family."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Dec. 24: "Gloria."
From Dec. 25: "Private Benjamin."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Any Which Way You Can."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Aristocats."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Formula."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: "9 to 5."

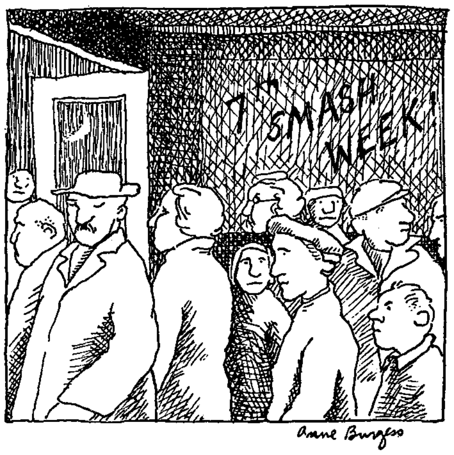
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Dec. 24: "Melvin and Howard." From Dec. 25: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 25: "La Cage aux Folles." From Dec. 26: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 3: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 4: "Flash Gordon."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Aristocats."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Change of Seasons."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Inside Moves."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Stardust Memories."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Dec. 24: "Airplane!"
From Dec. 25: "Ordinary People."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Any Which Way You Can."
Theatre 2: "The Aristocats."
Theatre 3: Dec. 24: "Private Benjamin." From Dec. 25: "First Family."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"La Cage aux Folles."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Stardust Memories."
Theatre 2: Dec. 24: "Airplane!" From Dec. 25: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: Dec. 24: "Fame." From Dec. 25: "Private Benjamin."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: Dec. 24: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers." From Dec. 25: "First Family." (†)
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: "The Aristocats." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"A Change of Seasons." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Dec. 24: "The Shining."
From Dec. 25: "Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Any Which Way You Can." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Flash Gordon." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Formula." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot.
Dec. 25: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "The Ghost Goes West" (1935), directed by René Clair, with Robert Donat, Eugene Pallette, Elsa Lanchester, and Jean Parker.
Dec. 26: "Life of Brian" (1979), directed by Terry Jones, with members of the Monty Python group; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
Dec. 27: "Last Tango in Paris." (†)
Dec. 28: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Happy Birthday, Wanda June." (†)
Dec. 29: "East of Eden" (†); and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Dec. 30: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Conquest" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo.
Dec. 31: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
Jan. 1: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Ivanhoe." (†)
Jan. 2: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
Jan. 3: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (†); and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 24: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
Dec. 25: "Scrooge" (1970), directed by Ron-

ald Neame, with Albert Finney and Alec Guinness.

Dec. 26: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Joseph Andrews" (1978), directed by Tony Richardson, with Ann-Margret and Peter Firth.

Dec. 27: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Dec. 28: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), directed by Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan, with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Cinderella" (1961), a full-length Russian production danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Dec. 29: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Dec. 30: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†) and "One-Eyed Jacks." (†)

Dec. 31: "On the Town" (†) and "Anchors Aweigh." (†)

Jan. 1: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant.

Jan. 2: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henry Serre; and "The Wild Child." (†)

Jan. 3: "David Copperfield" (†); and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 25: "Life of Brian" (1979), directed by Terry Jones, with members of the Monty Python group; and "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Kimmel, Stephen Nathan, and Cindy Williams.

Dec. 26-27: "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

Dec. 28-29: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Genevieve Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Dec. 30: "Paul and Michelle" (1974), directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Anicee Alvina, Sean Bury, and Keir Dullea; and "Shanks" (1974), directed by William Castle, with Marcel Marceau.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Jan. 2-3: "The Black Stallion" (1979), directed by Carroll Ballard, with Mickey Rooney, Kelly Reno, and Teri Garr; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Black and Blue" (1980), a concert film, with Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Dec. 25: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Dec. 26-28: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Dec. 29-31: "Myra Breckinridge" (†) and "Niagara." (†)

Jan. 1-3: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Sons and Lovers." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 27: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950), directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton, with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains.

Dec. 28-30: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Cover Girl." (†)

Dec. 31-Jan. 3: "Mr. Skiffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "Old Acquaintances" (1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Gig Young, and John Loder.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 24: "Sandra" (1966), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig, and Jean Sorel; and "Riviera" (1953), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Martine Carol and Raf Vallone.

Dec. 25: A day-long marathon of B-films: "Models Inc.," "Lucky Texan," "Headhunters of the Amazon," "Frankie and Johnnie," "Paradise Alley," "Great Guy," "Wrecking Crew," and "Private Buckaroo."

Dec. 26-27: "Picture Show Man" (1977), directed by John Powers, with Rod Taylor and John Meillion; and "Magicians of the Silver Screen" (1979), a Czech film, directed by Jiri Menzel, with Menzel and Rudolf Hrusinsky.

Dec. 28: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970) and "Fata Morgana" (1971), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Dec. 29: "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa; and "Network" (1976), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.

Dec. 30: "Laugh and Get Rich" (1931), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert; and "The Age of Consent" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Arline Judge and Richard Cromwell.

Dec. 31: "The White Sheik" (†); and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, Claudia Cardinale, and Renato Salvatori.

Jan. 1: A program of five surrealist films—"Un Chien Andalou" (1929), "Blood of a Poet" (1930), "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1944), "Onesime Horloger" (1910), and "Le Pecheur de Perles" (1904).

Jan. 2-3: "Notes for an African Orestes" (1970), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "You Are Not Alone" (1979), in Danish, directed by Lasse Nielsen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

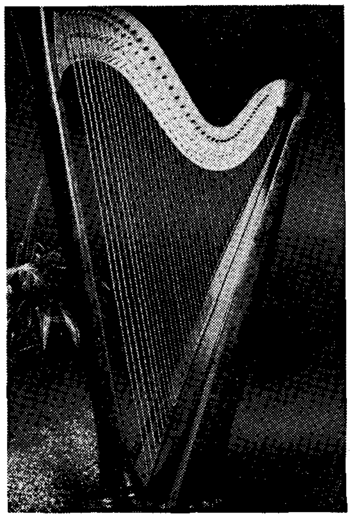
Dec. 26: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore; "Bulldog Drummond in Africa" (1938), directed by Louis King, with John Howard; and "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Howard.

Dec. 27-28: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Dec. 29: "Oliver Twist" (†) and "Great Expectations." (†)

Dec. 30: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Confidential Agent." (†)

Dec. 31: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "De-



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sign for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Jan. 1: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

Jan. 2-3: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Dec. 26 at 2:30: "The Battle of the River Plate (Pursuit of the Graf Spee)" (1956), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Anthony Quayle, John Gregson, and Peter Finch. . . . Dec. 26 at 6: "Black Narcissus" (1947), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, Flora Robson, and Jean Simmons. . . . Dec. 27 at 2:30: "The Boy Who Turned Yellow" (1972), with Mark Dightam, and "Bluebeard's Castle" (1964), with Norman Foster and Anna Raquel Sartre. . . . Dec. 27 at 5: "The Queen's Guards" (1961), with Daniel Massey and Raymond Massey. . . . Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Black Narcissus." . . . Dec. 29 at 2:30: "The Boy Who Turned Yellow" and "Bluebeard's Castle.". . . Dec. 29 at 6 and Jan. 1 at 2:30: "They're a Weird Mob" (1966), with Walter Chiari, Clare Dunne, and Chips Rafferty. . . . Jan. 1 at 6: "Ill Met by Moonlight (Night Ambush)" (1956), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring, and Cyril Cusack. . . . Jan. 1 at 8:30: "The Queen's Guards." . . . Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Age of Consent" (1968), with James Mason, Helen Mirren, and Jack MacGowran. . . . Jan. 2 at 6: "Lazybones" (1935), with Claire Luce, Ian Hunter, and Sara Allgood. . . . Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Ill Met by Moonlight (Night Ambush)." . . . Jan. 3 at 5: "Age of Consent." . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell, films scheduled during this period are: Dec. 27-28 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 28 at 5: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. . . . Dec. 29-30 at noon: "Whale Songs" (1979), an animated film by Mary Beams; and "Twins" (1980), directed by Charlie Ahearn, with Michael Sharp, Andrea Kovacs, and Willoughby Sharp. . . . Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Dr. Strangelove." . . . Dec. 30 at 6: "House of Strangers" (1949), directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, and Luther Adler. . . . Jan. 2 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Jan. 3 at noon: "Casablanca" (1943), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two films directed by Jon Jost: through Dec. 28, "Chameleon" (1978), with Bob Glaudini; and, starting Dec. 30, "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1973). Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 24 at 8: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1971), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "There Was a Father" (1942), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "I Was Born . . . But" (1932), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: A program of four films by Sidney Peterson. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "La Règle du Jeu" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: "Francesco Giullare di Dio" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8: A program of short films by Hans Richter, Man Ray, and Marcel Duchamp. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Olympia" (1939), directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, with a new combination every three days. Through Jan. 2, starting at 2. Showing this week are: "Kuroneko," "Samurai Spy," "Zatoichi Rescue," "Machibuse," "Under the Banner of Samurai," and "Seven Samurai." For schedule, call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; Dec. 24.)

Altered States—With William Hurt, directed by Ken Russell. (Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 25.)

Anchors Aweigh (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer, Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed, Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (U. A. East, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Breaker Morant—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 26.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Gemini 1, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 5.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

Confidential Agent (1945)—A tired, aging Spanish Loyalist (tired, aging Charles Boyer, giving an extraordinarily realistic and intense performance) starts out by trying to prevent a Fascist business deal in England, and is variously chased, beaten, and framed by some of the most unsavory characters who ever conspired. The cast includes Peter Lorre, Katina Paxinou, Victor Francen, George Coulouris, Wanda Hendrix, John Warburton, Miles Mander, and George Zucco. It also includes Lauren Bacall; she was elegantly feline in "To Have and Have Not," which preceded this film, and in "The Big Sleep," which followed it, but she is clumsy and self-conscious here. Despite the unusual cast and the possibilities in the material (from a Graham Greene novel, adapted by Robert Buckner), the movie is pedestrian, and it marked the end of the screen career of the director Herman Shumlin, the well-known stage producer. Those unfamiliar with the melodramas of the forties may be shocked at the brutalities that sneaked by under cover of the anti-Fascist theme. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, showy Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test" and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed; Virginia Van Upp wrote the script; Stanley Donen, Kelly, Seymour Felix, and Jack Cole staged the dances; Nan Wynn dubbed Hayworth's singing. (Regency; Dec. 28-30.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

East of Eden (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without structural coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, misunderstood. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to; we're thrust into upsetting angles, caught in infatuated closeups, and prodded—"Look at all that beautiful desperation." When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the soundtrack amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding; a short, heavy dose of expressionism may be followed by a pastoral romp or an elaborate bit of Americana; an actor may suddenly assume a psychotic stance and another actor shatter a train window with his head. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. Here and in "Rebel Without a Cause," Dean seems to go just about as far as anybody can in being misunderstood. With Julie Harris, who gives a memorably lyric performance, and Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Dekker, Lois

Smith, Barbara Baxley, Timothy Carey, Jonathan Haze, Mario Siletti, Harold Gordon, Lonny Chapman, and Nick Dennis. Script by Paul Osborn; cinematography by Ted McCord; music by Leonard Rosenman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 29.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 26.)

Empire of Passion—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Christmas and Monday, Dec. 29.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is set by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Olympia; Dec. 24.)

First Family—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck Henry. (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 25.)

Flash Gordon—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli.)

The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 1.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Dec. 24.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from J. Arthur Rank; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own that is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is the Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decoration. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June (1971)—Rod Steiger as a sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut's screen adaptation of his 1970 off-Broadway play—an attempt at a Shavian drama of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's familiar vocal rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over the cliff, and they splash when they land. The director, Mark Robson, tried for a theatrically stylized tone, and the results were calamitous, though it's not certain that any other directorial approach would have worked much better. With Susannah York, who is miscast but comes through as an able farceur anyway, and Pamelyn Ferdin, who has a few funny moments as Wanda June, and Don Murray, George Grizzard, Steven Paul, and

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William Hickey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Honeysuckle Rose—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, nonlinear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 25-31.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Murray Hill; Dec. 24.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—What a ruckus! Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else—lunging at one another with long lances while on horseback, or throwing rocks off the parapets of keeps, or raising and lowering drawbridges over moats and plunging shouting, screaming men into the water below. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. The big clash between Ivanhoe and the villain (George Sanders) is unaccountably brutal—they go at each other with axes and heavy spiked balls attached to chains. No one could say this isn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M Technicolor grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe and made in England, it was shot by Fred A. Young (who was later to do "Lawrence of Arabia"). With Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, Basil Sydney, Robert Douglas, Harold Warrender, Sebastian Cabot, and Valentine Dysall. Screenplay by Noel Langley; score by Miklos Rosza. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 1.)

The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Nothing else like it. Benardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (Art; through Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 27.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the role of an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as ever. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

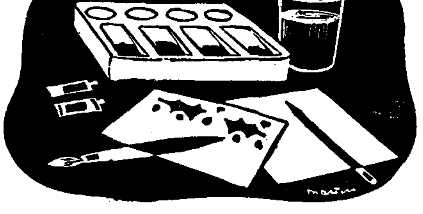
Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema; Dec. 24.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation is muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (Mini Cinema; Dec. 29-31.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie, but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Mini Cinema; Dec. 29-31.)



9 to 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—In the person of Alec Guinness, Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, has a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel right after he did "Great Expectations" (that was Guinness's first film; this is his second), but it ran into some troubles over here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Jewish, and pressure groups objected to such a low Jewish character; with seven minutes of offending closeups and profiles plucked, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. In a later period, the film would probably have been protested by gay activists as well, because Fagin comes across as a malignant old homosexual. The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and the movie in its fidelity is sometimes cruel to the audience, especially in the terrifying scene when Bill Sikes (Robert Newton) murders Nancy (Kay Walsh) because she tried to help Oliver. (You can tell when it's coming; you may want to take your small children into the lobby.) With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger, and Diana Dors, Kathleen Harrison, Henry Stephenson, Mary Clare, Ivor Barnard, and Peter Bull. Produced by Ronald Neame for J. Arthur Rank; screenplay by Lean and Stanley Haynes; production design by John Bryan; music by Sir Arnold Bax; cinematography by Guy Green; camera operator Oswald Morris. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting Dec. 25.)

Popeye—With Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall, directed by Robert Altman. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic

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training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Dec. 25.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Gemini 2; Dec. 24.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine. Dean Stockwell does nicely in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken miner father are superb; it is possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father's getting his weekly bath—that are so fine they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; the assistant director was Peter Yates. In CinemaScope. (Mini Cinema; Jan. 1-3.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Cinema 3, and Olympia.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Tell Me a Riddle—With Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" With Charles Ruggles, C. Aubrey Smith, and Leonid Kinskey. Script by Samson Raphaelson and Grover Jones; it has some remote connection to a play by Laszlo Aladar. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31.)

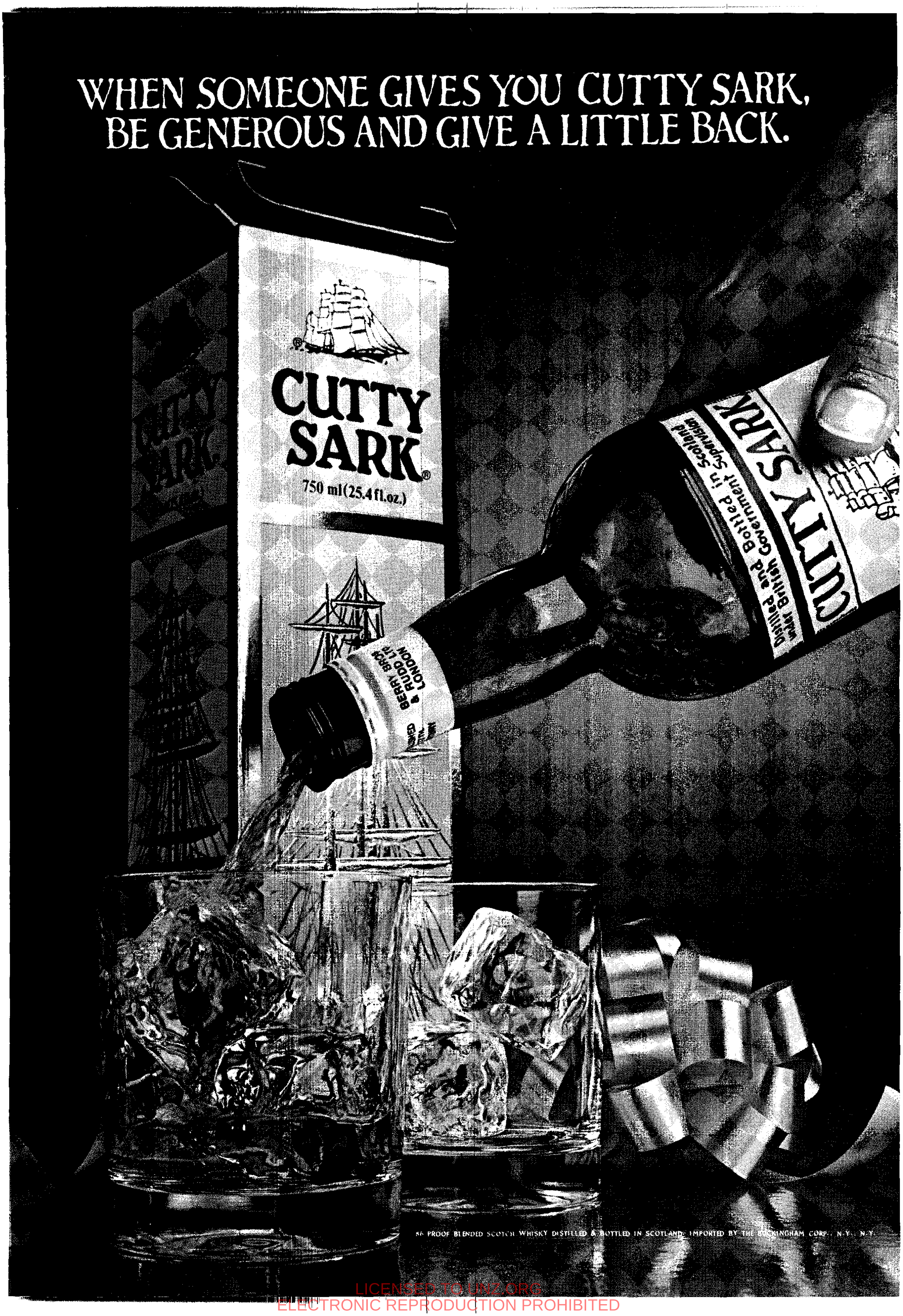
We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 1.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. (Fellini is still clumsy, and the storytelling is rather drawn out.) The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation for the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script (the movie was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover") were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 31.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 24.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)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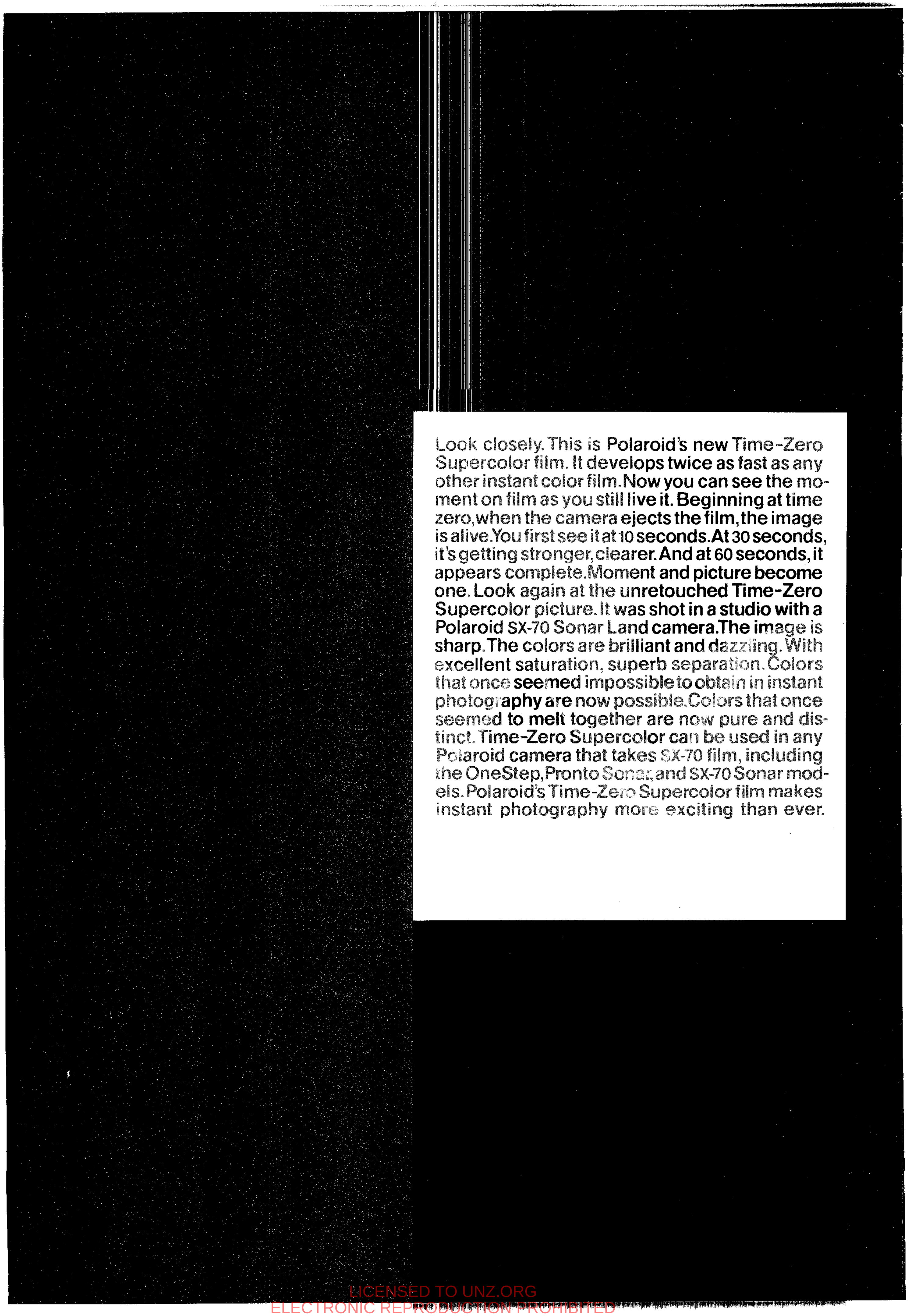

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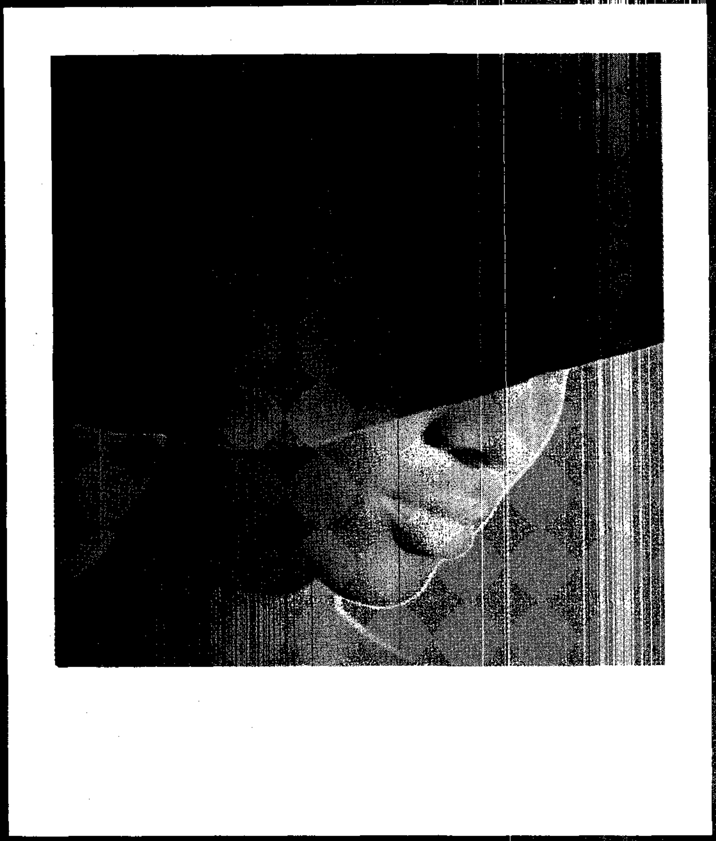

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

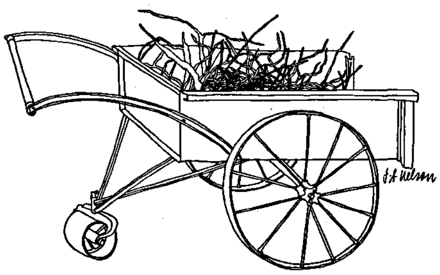
Notes and Comment

THE ten minutes of silence observed in memory of John Lennon by the crowd in Central Park and by other crowds around the world two Sundays ago was certainly the sparest ceremony—whether for mourning or for any other purpose—in a long, long time. The one activity of the mourners—prayer for Lennon's soul, suggested by his widow, Yoko Ono—was both silent and invisible. Perhaps she foresaw that more conspicuous or highly organized observances would inevitably be taken over by the forces of commerce and publicity which she and Lennon had sought so strenuously to evade in the years of their marriage. She herself kept out of view, further reducing the opportunities for sensational reporting and all the other forms of exploitation that now seem to swallow up almost any large public event. For a few, staying silent appeared to be a small ordeal. One television station that covered the occasion in Central Park (simply and with dignity, on the whole), and was therefore faced with the question of how to cover the ten minutes, solved its problem by showing a rapid montage that included shots of the vigil and film clips of Lennon and the Beatles singing soundlessly. The impression was given that the station had only *just barely* managed to keep quiet. But all in all one would have to go far back in time to find as moving an expression of public sorrow. The silence seemed to create a space into which the strong emotion felt by Lennon's generation—and by many who were not of his generation—could rush. In fact, in that quiet interval the generation itself, with its old message of "Peace" and "Love" held aloft again on placards, magically reappeared in public for the first time in years, after losing itself in the general population for a while. In a noisy and distracted age, a silence had proved more eloquent than any number of words could have been.

• •

Honors

PROCESSION: Seventeen Nobel laureates turned up at the Swedish Consulate, at Park Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, the other evening for a party that included something called a Lucia procession. A Lucia procession, it turns out, is traditional in Swedish homes at this season, and since the Nobel Prizes are awarded at about the same time of year, Bengt Friedman, the Swedish consul-general, and his wife combined the two events by inviting Nobel laureates from previous years who live in this part of the country to attend a reception and buffet dinner at the consulate and watch the procession. Mrs. Friedman, a dark-haired woman in a blue chiffon dress, met us at the door and explained that this was the second year such a party had been held. "We came to New York just two years ago," she said. "The party was my husband's idea. Before we came here, we were in Ethiopia, which we loved, though the people are very poor. We like New York very much, too, but we can't understand why your mail service is so slow." We told Mrs. Friedman that we couldn't understand why, either.



Soon the Nobel laureates, most of them accompanied by their spouses, gathered with about two dozen other guests in the living room, which is a large, white-walled room with a beamed ceiling, a fireplace, and a crystal chandelier. Glancing around, we saw several gray heads, some not so gray heads, and a lot of animated faces. The Nobel Prize winners were Dr. Arno A. Penzias (Physics, 1978), Dr. Robert W. Wilson (Physics, 1978), Isaac Bashevis Singer (Literature, 1978), Dr. Philip W. Anderson (Physics, 1977), Dr. Rosalyn Yalow (Physiology or Medicine, 1977), Dr. Baruch S. Blumberg (Physiology or Medicine, 1976), Dr. James Rainwater (Physics, 1975), Professor George E. Palade (Physiology or Medicine, 1974), Dr. Leo Esaki (Physics, 1973), Professor Stanford Moore (Chemistry, 1972), Dr. Gerald M. Edelman (Physiology or Medicine, 1972), Dr. Alfred D. Hershey (Physiology or Medicine, 1969), Dr. Fritz Lipmann (Physiology or Medicine, 1953), Dr. Carl F. Cori (Physiology or Medicine, 1947), and Dr. Isidor I. Rabi (Physics, 1944). Also present were two winners of the Prize in Economic Sciences in Memory of Alfred Nobel (technically not a Nobel Prize): Sir Arthur Lewis (1979) and Dr. Wassily Leontief (1973).

For half an hour or so, the laureates sipped a spiced wine called *glögg* and talked with each other about things like cosmic microwave background radiation, the chemical structure of antibodies, and the troubles of Boston's transit system. We spoke with Dr. Cori, whose prize was for his research into the enzymes of carbohydrate metabolism. He told us he had been relieved to learn that Harvard University—of which he is a faculty member—had recently decided to scrap its plans to set up a business enterprise linked with the university's work in gene research. We also spoke with Dr. Yalow, whose prize was for develop-ing radioimmunoassay for use in endocrinology. She said that in her view the press has tended greatly to overemphasize the dangers of low-level radiation, such as the amounts used in medicine—especially since Three Mile Island. Soon we fell into conversation with the Reverend Evert Olson, a slightly built, gray-bearded man, who is the pastor of the Church of Sweden, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. He told us that we were in for a treat.

"The Saint Lucia procession takes place in every Swedish home at Christmastime," Pastor Olson said. "It is quite beautiful. There is a young girl wearing candles on her head, and several singers accompanying her. But how the Lucia ceremony came to Sweden is a great puzzle. Lucia—Lucy—was a Sicilian saint who lived in the fourth century A.D., and nobody has really figured out how she became part of Christmas celebrations so far north. There is no Lucia ceremony in other countries, as far as I know—not in Denmark or Norway, not even in Italy. There are all sorts of stories surrounding Lucia. She was burned at the stake, and, according to some stories, her eyes were plucked out. For those reasons—and probably also because of her name, which is close to the Latin word *lux*—she is regarded as representing light. Her day is the thirteenth of December, which in the old Julian calendar was the shortest day—the longest night—of the year. So she brings light in the midst of winter. Usually, in a Swedish home, the oldest daughter performs the ceremony, and the younger daughters assist her. If there are sons, they wear golden stars on their heads and are known as star boys. No Swedish Christmas would be complete without a Lucia."

Shortly after eight o'clock, Mr. Friedman, a tall, gray-haired man wearing a blue suit, stood on a landing overlooking the living room and said, "We hope tonight to bring back memories of the time when you received your prizes in Sweden. In a few moments, you are going to see the Lucia procession. I think you know that this time of year, when everything is dark, we celebrate our Lucia. It happens to fall very near the Nobel day. I think we should turn out the lights."

Mr. Friedman stepped into the living room, the lights dimmed, and seven blond young women descended the main staircase of the house and took places on the landing. They all wore long white robes, and six of them wore silver tinsel sashes and had silvery wreaths in their hair; each of these six held a white candle in both hands. The seventh stood in the center of the group. She wore a red sash and a golden crown, the points of which consisted of lighted white tapers. Performing without accompaniment, the young women sang "Santa Lucia," in Swedish, and several Swedish Christmas carols. They ended with "Silent Night." First they sang it in Swedish, and the Nobel laureates joined in, humming. Then they sang it in English, and the Nobel laureates joined in, singing.

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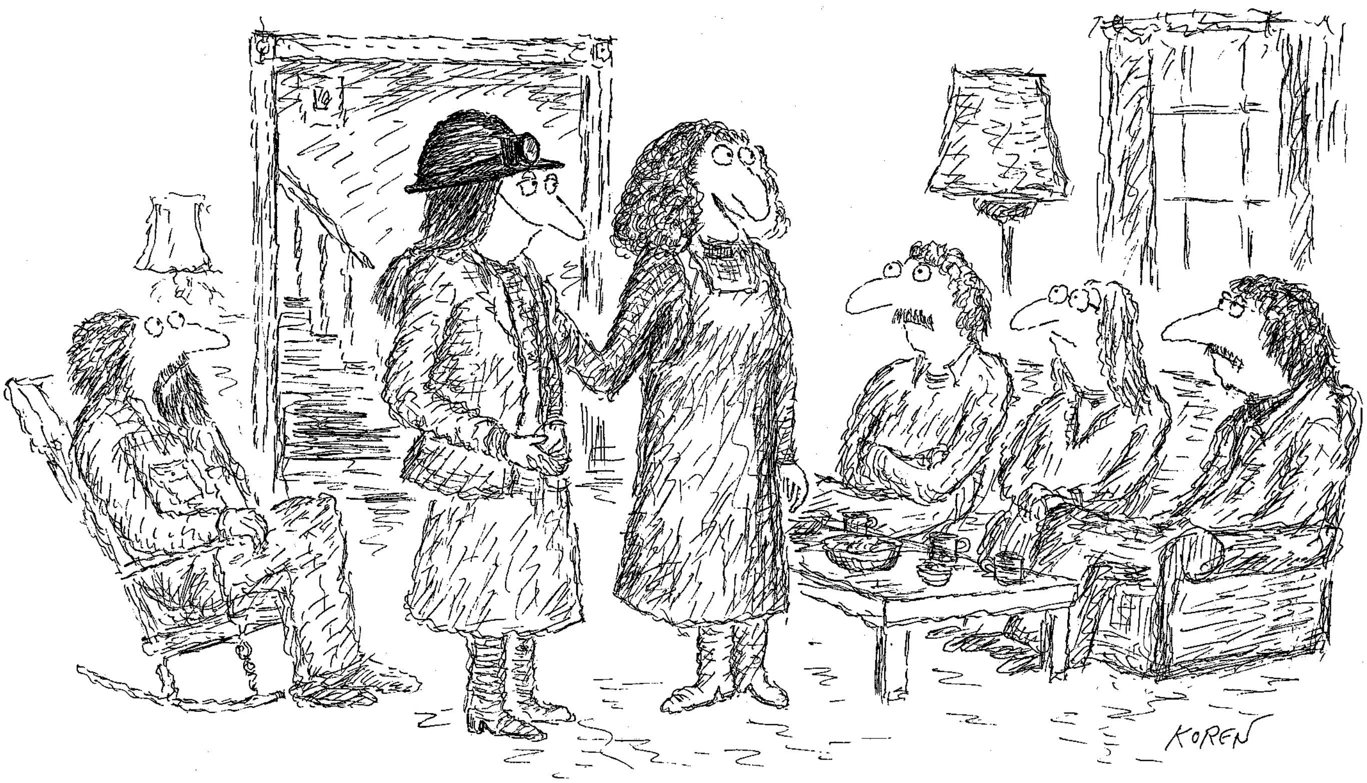
Garlands: This being the time of year when gifts and honors fall from the skies, we went along recently to watch two of them descend on the brows of friends of ours, one present, one absent. The awards were established by the Common Wealth Trust, which is a foundation that was set up under the will of Ralph Hayes, a prominent businessman and public servant from Delaware who died in 1977, to honor excellence and outstanding achievement in eight different fields, and this year, for the first time, two awards—consisting of checks for ten thousand five hundred dollars apiece—were being granted in the field of literature. The ceremony, a brief one, was held in the offices of the Modern Language Association, on lower Fifth Avenue, and on our arrival we were greeted by Mr. Joel Conarroe, its executive director, who was sporting a red handkerchief in his top pocket, and who had a lively manner to match. He told us that he had been one of five jurors who selected the writers to be honored, and described the difficult decision that they had been faced with. "We had a rather extraordinary challenge," he said. "We were invited to come up with the names of two writers, from anywhere in the world, writing in any language, who were of such universal distinction that when we named them people would say 'Of course!' Our jury reached emphatic agreement, which is some measure of the distinction of our choices. At first, however, I kept waking up in the middle of the night and going down to my bookshelves, fearful that I had forgotten somebody."

When the small gathering had all but assembled itself, a stirring announced the arrival of Robert Penn Warren, one of the two recipients, with his wife, Eleanor Clark, both of them looking brisk and spirited. Mr. Conarroe brought us all to order and named the two writers who were to receive the awards: Mr. Warren and Gabriel García Márquez, the Colombian writer, who was unable to be present, and whose award was accepted by a representative of his publisher. Mr. Warren, after receiving his check, addressed a few crisp words to the gathering. Straight-backed, sharp of eye, with the aspect of an old eagle, he could easily be envisioned commanding armies. He lingered over his words, handing them to us with care. What pleased him most about his prize, he said, was being given it in the company, albeit the absent company, of Gabriel García Márquez. He thanked the trustees of the Bank of Delaware, which administers the awards, and the room at large with a notable courtesy, and we relaxed in pleasure.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

We had a word with Mr. Warren as the occasion unwound. "Truth to tell, I'm always *surprised* by prizes," he told us. "I think it's because they are mostly given to writers for work done in the past, whereas I'm always more taken up with the work I'm doing in the present. They are gratifying to the spirit, no question, but they are also extremely gratifying to the flesh. I've been worried of late about the state of my roof—now I can have it fixed and forget about it. That's a good reward for labor, isn't it? I had mostly been looking forward, with a keen pleasure, to meeting García Márquez. He has a lot of friends in this country."

The following day, we telephoned Señor García Márquez, who was in Paris on his way home to Mexico. Yes, he had had notice of his Common Wealth Award, he told us, but he has had to limit his visits to the United States to ones of extreme necessity, because of continuing trouble he has in being admitted to this country. "Every time I come, I'm not sure that I'm going to be let in," he said. "I had a



"This is Meg, everybody. She's very interested in coal."

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resident visa when I worked in New York as a correspondent for *Prensa Latina*, but when I went to Mexico in June, 1961, it was withdrawn, and I was denied any entry at all for ten years—until 1971, when I was admitted specifically to receive an honorary doctorate from Columbia University. Now whenever I have to go to the United States, I get a letter from Columbia University inviting me to lecture, and I am given a provisional entry, with an indecipherable algebra, for that purpose only, and for a limited time. Along with some of my fellow Latin-American writers, I am on some kind of list, as if I were a dangerous man of the left. I would like nothing better than to take some part in the intellectual life of the United States—meet and talk with people at universities who have written to me and about me—but for the time being I am at the mercy of that inexorable algebra."

We told him what Robert Penn Warren had said about him, and he sounded pleased and a bit sad.

Sharpener

PENCILS being indispensable tools, a good pencil sharpener is a wonderful thing to have. Therefore, when we read in the *Times* the other day that Jose F. Vila, of Queens, had received Patent No. 4,231,405 for a pencil-driven pencil sharpener he had invented, we set out to learn more about it. Mr. Vila turned out to be a dark-haired, well-built man of thirty-two who lives, with his wife, Barbara, and two young children, in an apartment on Thirty-first Avenue in Woodside. After showing us into his living room, he told us what had led to his invention. "It was about six years ago, and I was managing the intensive-care unit at Cabrini Medical Center, in Manhattan," he said. "I'm still at the Center, only now I'm a buyer of technical equipment and supplies for the hospital. Anyway, I noticed that everybody in my unit was using an electric pencil sharpener. Like most people, I had been thinking about the energy crisis, and it occurred to me that for a pencil sharpener to be run on electricity was pretty silly. I mean, what a waste! Is electricity really necessary for sharpening pencils? Also, if you're not careful some of those electric sharpeners will eat up your pencils. Of course, there are the old-fashioned sharpeners that require both hands, but what about a sharpener that can be operated by just one hand? Then it dawned on me that the force you use in activating an electric pencil sharpener—the slight push you give it—might just as well be used to power the sharpener."

Mr. Vila led us down a hall and into a blue-carpeted room that serves him as a study and workshop. The walls were lined with books, and on one table was a small lathe. Near a window was a draftsman's table, covered with drawings. On his desk, together with books, more drawings, and metric rulers and other instruments, was an object about twelve inches high. It was mostly of clear plastic, and at first glance it looked vaguely like a sculpture by Naum Gabo. On examining the object, we saw that it consisted of five stepped, concentric vertical plastic cylinders, the outermost about four inches in diameter and the innermost about half an inch. Within the innermost cylinder was a three-inch-long metal shaft, a quarter-inch in diameter, topped with a small metal-and-plastic sharpening device. The bottom of the shaft was inserted in a gear device, and a compression spring surrounded the shaft. If the sharpener element was pushed down, the gear would cause the shaft and the sharpener to rotate. The whole thing had a circular clear-plastic base. In the space between the two outer cylinders, a dozen or so new, unsharpened No. 2 yellow lead pencils were standing. Mr. Vila picked up one of them, inserted it in the sharpener element with one hand, and pushed down lightly four times. Then he held up the pencil. It had acquired a well-shaped, fine point.

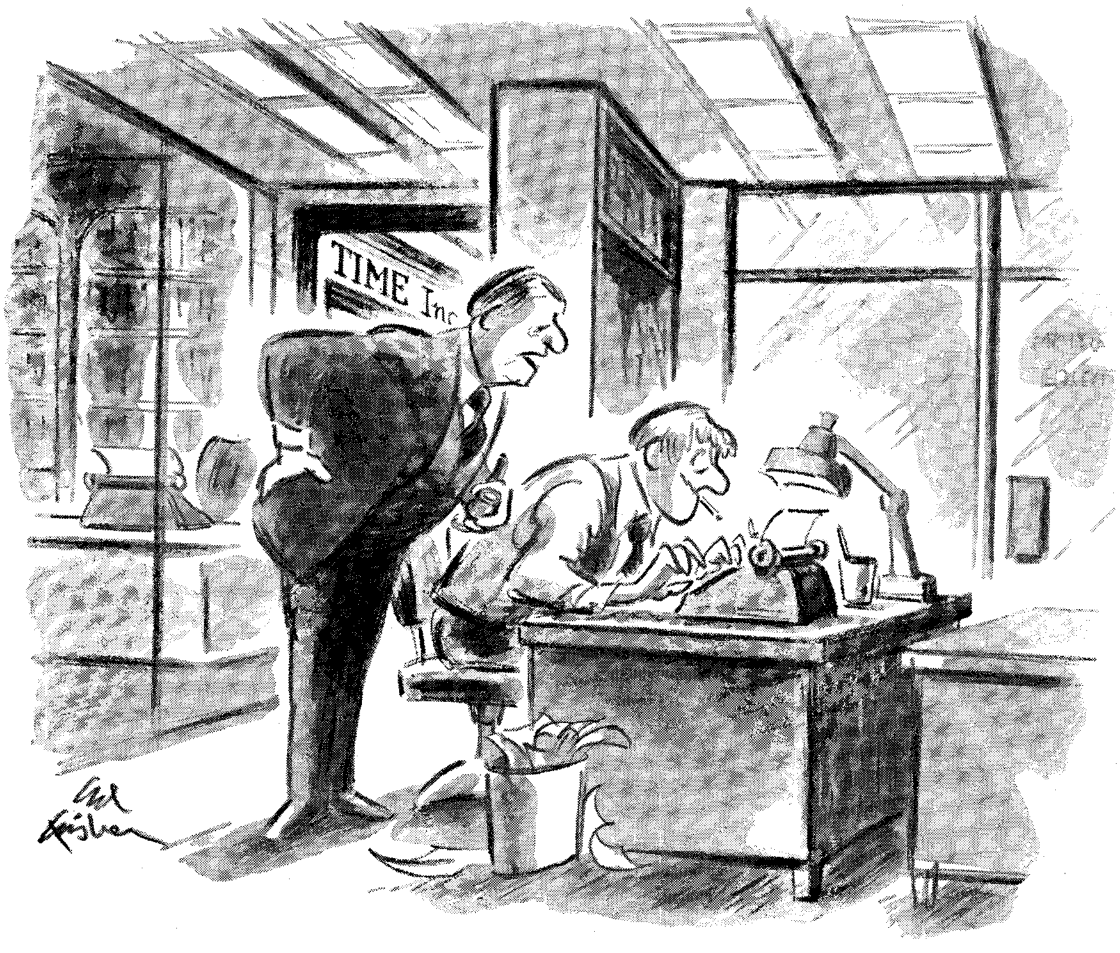
"After I thought of the idea, it took me almost two years to begin working on it," he said. "And it took me another two years to perfect the design. Then I had to wait almost two more years for my patent to come through. Anyway, since I got my patent I've had several inquiries from companies that might want to manufacture or market the sharpener, but so far nothing has been settled. Of course, the final product will be only about half as big as this prototype. And eventually two pushes should be enough to sharpen a new pencil, while one push should be enough to sharpen a pencil that has been sharpened before. You see, in making my prototype I've had to limit myself to materials I could pick up easily—I couldn't afford to have the parts machine-tooled—so I've used things like plastic elements that I found on Canal Street, a piece of a metal screwdriver, and a spring that I made out of piano wire. Also, I've used a little dime-store gadget as a cutting device. The final product will have a much more effective cutter."

We asked Mr. Vila whether he had invented anything else.

"Oh, I'm always working on something," he said. "For the past couple of years, I've been trying to perfect a solar hydrogen generator. It will use sunlight and available water to produce hydrogen, which can be used for fuel. Then—let's see—I've invented an automatic bicycle gearshift, a poleless tent, a truer arrow, and a device that will enable an automobile engine to draw more oxygen from the air. By the way, you can see in these drawings that I've come up with many different forms and color concepts for my pencil sharpener. It could be square or rectangular, or it could be adapted to serve as a little vase. And here's a sketch of my latest design for the two outer cylinders. When I get the angle just right, the space between those two cylinders will be a really attractive pencil cup. With the proper curve to the bottom, the pencils will slip into the cup and tilt slightly outward toward the person who uses them, like a bouquet."

From the Top

WHO is the greatest vocal artist of the century? To hear the answer, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the director of the Smithsonian's National Museum of History and Technology, and the president of Doubleday & Company invited us recently to the museum's Flag Hall, in Washington, D.C., to attend the first of this season's series of four Frank Nelson Doubleday lectures, which was called "From the Top/Sightlines on Music in America." Since Sarah Vaughan and Gunther Schuller were billed to give the lecture, and Schuller has made his mark as a composer, a conductor, and a general enthusiast of American music but not as a singer, we had our suspicions. Schuller, who was wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, a tux with wide lapels, and a dress shirt with hand embroidery down the front, began with a warning: "What I am about to do really can't be done, which is to do justice to Sarah Vaughan in words." He then made a spirited argument for Vaughan's greatness: "It's one thing to have a beautiful voice. It is another to be a great musician. It is still another to be a great musician with a beautiful voice who can also compose." Schuller ranked Vaughan with a long list of bravura opera singers (including Melchior, Siepi, Flagstad, and Callas), on the one hand, and Louis Armstrong, Joe Williams, and Charlie Parker, on the other, claiming for her "total command of all aspects of her craft." Vaughan's achieve-



"It's a great story, Gifford, but what has it got to do with the revitalizing of America?"

"Evolution's been good to you, Sid."

ment is overarching. Though she had no formal training, she is the musician's singer, whose art, like Duke Ellington's, is too subtle for her "to make it big, *really* big," like "some half-mediocre punk-rock star."

Schuller then said, "Hers is a perfect instrument, attached to a musician of superb instincts, capable of expressing profound human experience, with a wholly original voice." Vaughan can change her voice at will, we learned, to create unusual timbres and sonorities. She has an extraordinary range—baritone, alto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano—which she uses not as a gimmick but "at the service of musicianship and creativity." Where most classical singers develop *a* vibrato, Vaughan has an arsenal of vibratos. Despite, or perhaps because of, her lack of training, Vaughan's voice "seems ageless—the only sure sign that she uses it absolutely correctly." Vaughan uses her voice with "craft *and* exuberance," and in thirty-five years she has never sung a song the same way twice. Originality and inventiveness are her greatest assets; Schuller "can't think of an active jazz instrumentalist who can match her."

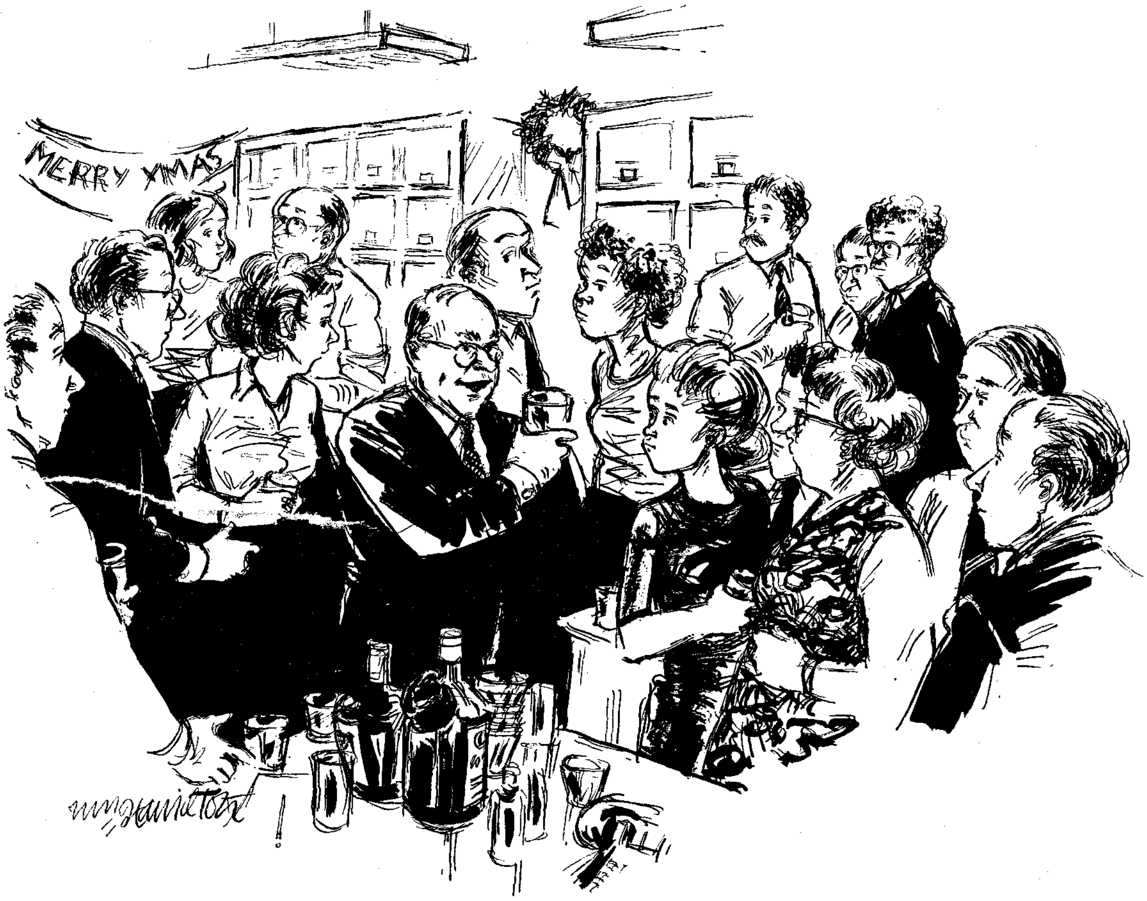
Schuller offered two examples of her art. The first was a recording of a 1973 concert in Tokyo, where Sarah Vaughan "sang and recomposed" "My Funny Valentine," accompanying herself on the piano. While we listened to what Schuller later identified as "the best example of Vaughan's full range and power," he enjoyed the music. Glasses off, eyes up, shaking his head in anticipation, delight, and surrender to rediscovery, Schuller constituted a silent chorus of one, ending, chin on chest, with a deep sigh. "Truly inexplicable," he said. Sarah Vaughan and her trio (George Gaffney on piano, Andy Simpkins on bass, and Harold Jones on drums) then provided the second example live, and they began, and closed, to a standing ovation. Swaying on silver heels, in aqua chiffon, deep-blue eye shadow, and a coiffure that in style and color resembled Art Garfunkel's, Vaughan started with "Fascinating Rhythm." She seemed to sing five or six versions of the tune, from a slow, melodic taunt through Latin, big-band, and scat sounds, which she punctuated with a kick whose grace defied her girth.

Primed by Schuller's course in Sarah Vaughan appreciation, we noticed each of the characteristics of her singing which he had underlined. We also noticed qualities he hadn't pointed out. Sarah Vaughan, who has been known as Sassie, the Divine Sarah, and the Divine One since her début with the Earl (Fatha) Hines Orchestra, in 1943, sometimes showed a small child's face when she sang, eyes wide or else in a grimace of concentration while she explored new ways of making sense in sound. At other moments, she appeared a grande dame, cosmopolitan, at home in realms of music that were far apart, between which she moved easily, like an interpreter who slides without a hitch from one language to another. When she shut her eyes, looking in on the lives her songs created, she glowed with an observer's pleasure, as if she had nothing to do with the art. But when a song ended, whether it was a playful number like "Picture a World," from "Sesame Street," or a tender classic like "Misty," she mocked her majesty with the jive and fuss of a teen-age girl, mouthing voiceless "Thank you"s.

For the Doubleday lecture, Sarah Vaughan sang nine songs—not her greatest performance, Gunther Schuller judged, but good enough to confirm his view. Then, in conclusion, standing in front of the tattered flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner," she sang several bars of "Send In the Clowns" a cappella.

Home Entertainment

YOU will have enormous screens. You will have them everywhere. You will be surrounded by devices with names like Odyssey², TRS-80 Color BASIC, Video Arcade, Videotex, Distrivid, Telesound, and Vidstar. You will know all about things like modem, serial-interface, GOSUB, dedicated chips, dropout compensators, portable RF modulators, LNA, LED, and ROM. And, of course, you



"Merry Christmas, folks. And I want to say I couldn't be president of this great company without the support of each and every one of you, or people very much like you."

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will have a plentiful supply of Hollywood movies—"Bullitt," "The Green Berets," "Gilda," "Superman," "Bye Bye Birdie," "The Deep," "Fun with Dick and Jane," and "The Exorcist," to name a few—from which you can choose whatever your mood dictates to show on one or more of your enormous screens. You will trade video cassettes and video discs with your friends, and you may—if you are so inclined—send away for video cassettes with titles like "China de Sade," "Frat House," and "Peach Fuzz." Moreover, you will not simply sit back passively and absorb these audiovisual delights. When you wish to stop Al Pacino in his tracks ("Dog Day Afternoon," Color, 1975, Warner Bros.-1024), you will push a button and Pacino will freeze. And when you wish to see Bugs Bunny outwit Elmer Fudd again ("The Bugs Bunny/Road-Runner Movie," Color, 1979, Warner Bros.-1003), you will push another button, the tape will run backward, and Bugs Bunny will outwit Elmer as often as you like.

You can have most of this stuff right now, according to some salespeople we talked to when we stopped by the first national Home Entertainment Show, which was held at the Coliseum. Furthermore, the salespeople told us, you will soon be spending a lot of time reliving exciting moments from N.F.L. games (remember Super Bowl V, with all those wacky plays and crazy bobbles?), using your Atari 400 to play blackjack, weaving a rug by following a design generated by your Cromemco Super Dazzler Interface (it will give you a usable graphics display of four-hundred-and-eighty-four by seven-hundred-and-fifty-six pixels), and telling your Apple II to work out a new family budget. You will also be making your very own home video movies, which you will show to your friends, who will be impressed. As we strolled around the Coliseum's second floor, where all this equipment was on display, we saw a group of visitors poking at a video camera, peering at video discs—which looked like iridescent LPs—and laughing and elbowing each other as they saw their own faces being shown on an enormous screen. They looked as if they were having fun. Some of them, we noticed, were also reading. When the group had moved on toward an electronic soccer game, we picked up some of the literature they had left behind them, and read:

"Create a whole family album of walking, talking videotapes with a Magnavox Chromavue camera."

"Giant Video is television the way it was meant to be. Not little marionette-size dolls on a small screen, but real life-size people and things and places like the human eye see them in real life."

"The Mona Lisa, by Sony Beta cassettes. Note how this master tape captures all the delicate shadings and subtle color."

"All video cassettes and playback machines should be at room temperature for two hours or longer before being used."

"The company's 400 Personal Computer . . . features 16-color graphics and four, four-octave sound synthesizers for musical tones or game noises. It has four ports for paddle controllers and joysticks, and can be expanded from a memory of 8K to 16K."

"Super-screen television is here to stay . . . and there's nothing quite as exciting as watching the colorful action on a giant wall screen. Once you've started watching your television programs in this manner . . . you'll never want to go back to the 'little boob tube' ever again!"

"Don't let the personal computer explosion catch you off guard."

"Are you prepared for the explosive transformation?"

"Does the computer initiate the program immediately after loading, without snags, stops/starts, interference, and the like?"

"Does the cartridge or cassette tape insert easily and load promptly?"

"A VCR IN EVERY ROOM?"

"Is there anything worth watching on TV tonight?"

THAILAND

YES, said the old soldier, I remember a time. It was during the Krian War.

Bless you and keep you, said his hearer, silently.

It was during the Krian War, said the old soldier. We were up there on the 38th parallel, my division, round about the Chorwon Valley. This was in '52.

Oh God, said the listener to himself. Enchiladas in green sauce. Dos Equis. Maybe a burrito or two.

We had this battalion of Thais attached to us, said the old sergeant. Nicest people you'd ever want to meet. We used to call their area Thailand, like it was a whole country. They are small of stature. We used to party with them a lot. What they drink is Mekong, it'll curl your teeth. In Kria we weren't too particular.

Enchiladas in green sauce and Gilda. Gilda in her sizzling blouse.

This time I'm talking about, we were partying at Thailand, there was this Thai second john who was a personal friend of mine, named Sutchai. Tall fellow, thin, he was an exception to the rule. We were right tight, even went on R. & R. together, you're too young to know what that is, it's Rest and Recreation where you zip off to Tokyo and sample the delights of that great city for a week.

I am young, thought the listener, young, young, praise the Lord I am young.

This time I am talking about, said the old sarge, we were on the side of a hill, they held this hill which sort of anchored the MLR—that's Main Line of Resistance—at that point, pretty good-sized hill I forget what the designation was, and it was a feast day, some Thai feast, a big holiday, and the skies were sunny, sunny. They had set out thirty-seven washtubs full of curry I never saw anything like it. Thirty-seven washtubs full of curry and a different curry in every one. They even had eel curry.

I cannot believe I am sitting here listening to this demento carry on about eel curry.

It was a golden revel, said the sergeant, if you liked curry and I did and do. Beef curry, chicken curry, the delicate Thai worm curry, all your various fish curries and vegetable curries. The Thai cooks were number one, even in the sergeant's mess which I was the treasurer of for a year and a half we didn't eat like that. Well, you're too young to know what a quad-fifty is but it's four fifty-calibre machine guns mounted on a half-track and they had quad-fifties dug in on various parts of their hill as well as tanks which was just about all you could do with a tank in that terrain, and toward evening they were firing off tracer bursts from the quad-fifties to make fireworks and it was just very festive, very festive. They had fighting with wooden swords at which the Thais excel, it's like a ballet dance, and the whole battalion was putting away the Mekong and beer pretty good as were the invited guests such as me and my buddy Nick Pirelli who was my good buddy in the motor pool, anytime I wanted a vehicle of any type for any purpose all I had to do was call Nick and he'd redline that vehicle and send it over to me with a driver—

I too have a life, thought the listener, but it is motes of dust in the air.

They had this pretty interesting, actually highly interesting, ceremony, said the sargie-san, as part of the feast, on that night on that hill in Kria, where everybody lined up and their colonel, that was Colonel Parti, I knew him, a wise and handsome man, stripped to the waist and the men, one by one, passed before him and poured water on his head, half a cupful per man. The Colonel sat there and they poured water on his head, it had some kind of religious significance—they're Buddhists—the whole battalion, that's six hundred men more or less, passed in front of him and poured water on his head, it was a blessing or something, it was spring. Colonel Parti always used to say to me, his English wasn't too good but it was a hell of a lot better than my Thai which didn't exist, he always used to say "Sergeant, after the war I come to Big PX"—that's what they called America, the Big PX—"I come to Big PX and we play golf." I didn't even know they had golf in Thailand but he was supposed to be some kind of hot-shot golf player, I heard he'd been on their Olympic golf team at one time, funny to think of them having one but they were surprising and beautiful people, our houseboy Kim, we had these Krian houseboys who kept the tent policed up and cleaned your rifle and did the laundry, pretty near everybody in Kria is named Kim by the way, Kim had been with the division from the beginning and had gone to the Yalu with the division in '50 when the Chinese came in and kicked our asses all the way back to the 38th and Kim had been in a six-by-six firing some guy's M-1 all the way through the retreat which was a nightmare and therefore everybody was always very respectful of him even though he was only a houseboy . . . Anyhow, Kim had told me Colonel Parti was a high-ranked champion golfer. That's how I knew it.

He reminds me of poor people, thought the young man, poor people whom I hate.

The Chinese pulled all these night attacks, said the sergeant.

The babble of God-given senility, said the listener to his inner ear.

It was terrifying. There'd be these terrifying bugles, you'd sit up in your sleeping bag hearing the bugles which sounded like they were coming from every which way, all around you, everybody grabbing his weapon and running around like a chicken with his head cut off, DivArty would be putting down a barrage you could hear it but God knows what they thought they were firing at, your communications trenches would be full of insane Chinese, flares popping in the sky—

I consign you to history, said his hearer. I close, forever, the book.

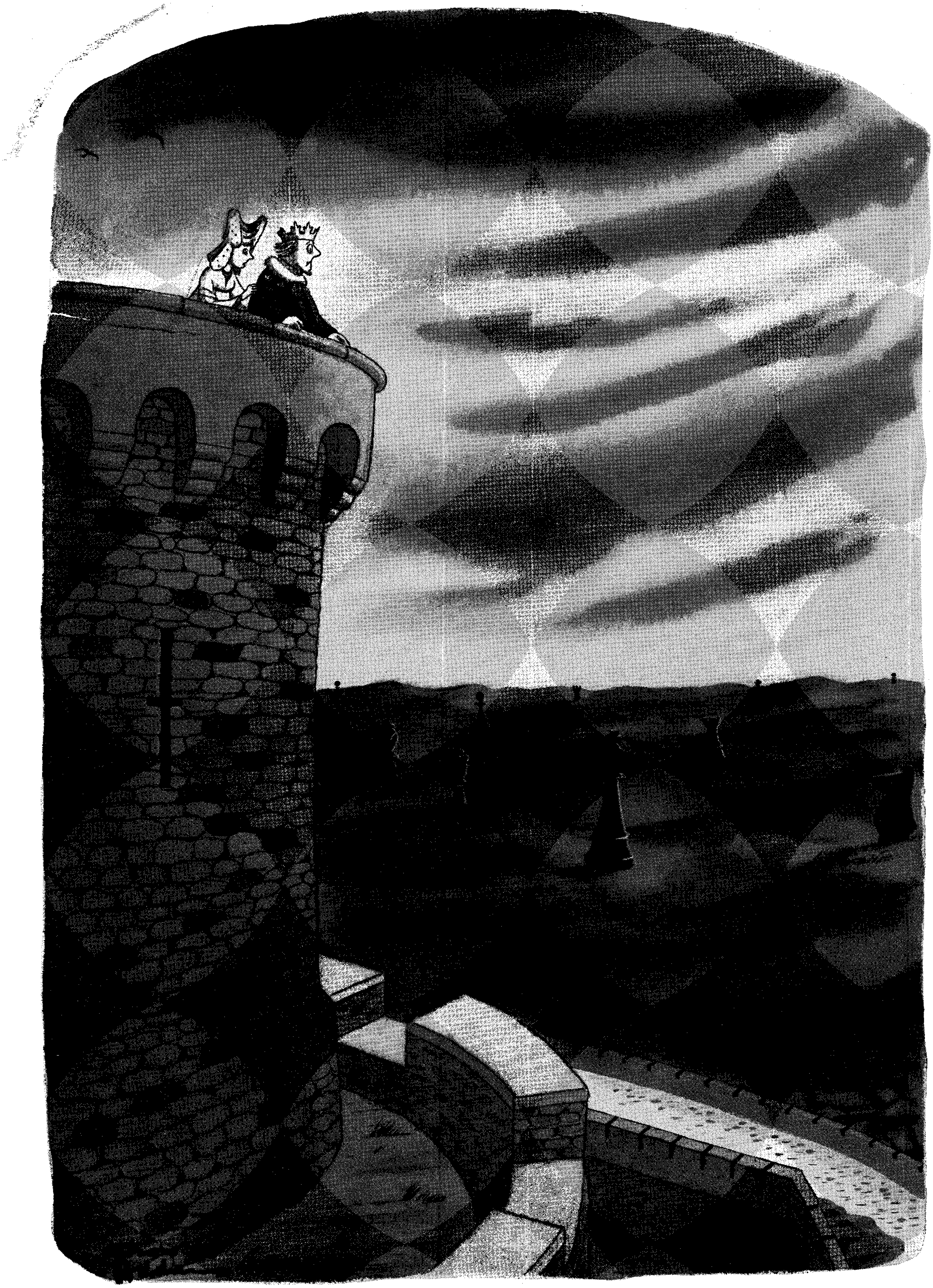
Once, they wanted to send me to cooks-and-bakers school, said the sergeant who was wearing a dull-red bathrobe, but I told them no, I couldn't feature myself a cook, that's why I was in heavy weapons. This party at Thailand was the high point of that tour. I never before or since saw thirty-seven washtubs full of curry and I would like to go to that country someday and talk to those people some more, they were great people. Sutchai wanted to be Prime Minister of Thailand, that was his ambition, never made it to my knowledge but I keep looking for him in the newspaper, you never know. I was on this plane going from Atlanta to Brooke Medical Center in San Antonio, I had to have some scans, there were all these young troopers on the plane, they were all little girls. Looked to be about sixteen. They all had these O.D. turtlenecks with Class A uniforms if you can imagine, they were the sloppiest soldiers I ever did see, the all-volunteer Army I suppose I know I shouldn't criticize.

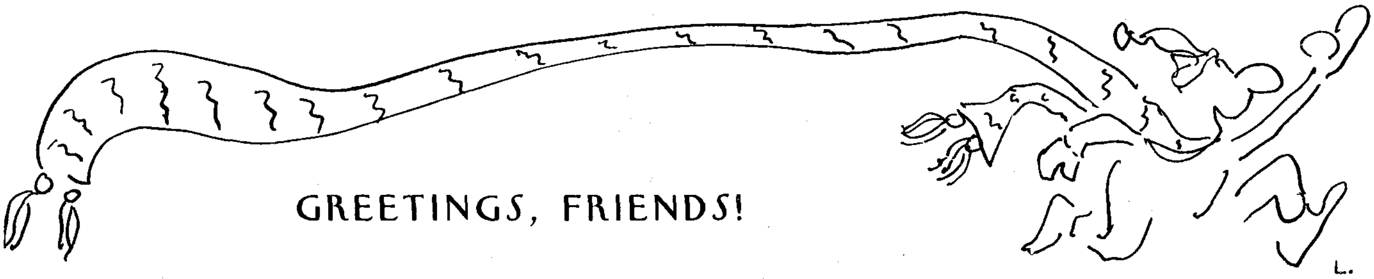
Go to cooks-and-bakers school, bake there, thought the young man. Bake a bathrobe of bread.

Thirty-seven damn washtubs, said the sergeant. If you can imagine.

Requiescat in pace.

They don't really have worm curry, said the sergeant. I just made that up to fool you. —DONALD BARTHELME





GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Listen, dear readers, and you shall hear
Of the midnight flight of eight reindeer
And other yarns of seasonal attitude
And happy thoughts, of painful platitude,
All sent your way by a part-time Kringle
As he bongs the chimes of this ancient jingle
And wishes each one of you hale and well
In catatonic doggerel!
Here's cheers, old friends. Alleluia!
Joy to you all and Raul Julia!
Wassail, neighbors! Come cry Nowell
For Liz Holtzman and Leon Edel.
Sing hymns of praise for Lech Walesa,
Jerome Zipkin, Mother Teresa,
David Hockney, Griffin Dunne,
And the shining gifts of Voyager 1:
Who'd have thought we'd get to see a
Sight like Mimas, Tethys, Rhea—
Small Christmas lights in moony pattern
Encircling our old neighbor Saturn!
Blow trumpets and bang timpani
For the splendiferous Grand Old P.;
May strength and wisdom wait upon
Our Pres.-elect, the charming Ron.
(Where else but in the U.S.A.
Could Bonzo's pal go all the way?)
Of the Dems, not much remains;
Vale, first family of Plains!
And others, too: Good-Bayh, good Birch!
So long, Ullman, Culver, Church!
The people's *vox* spoke up with urgency,
So hail, I guess, the right's resurgency;
Peace to both sides, say these Yule verses,
And to those who wanted better cherces.
Ring out, wild bells, from here to Biloxi
For Philip Weld and the good ship Moxie!
Sound the echoes from there to Milano
For Patti Lyons-Catalano,
And send your gladsome peals afar
For Larry Hagman (he's J.R.),
Agnes Martin, Edwin Meese,
Michael Foot, and Roy Dotrice!
I wish it known that I think highly
Of Charles Kuralt and Jane O'Reilly;
An inner warmth is what I feel
For august Speaker Tip O'Neill,
Robert Mugabe, Mary Kay Place,
Goldie Hawn, and the Symphony Space.
Nor can my heart find any fault
With peerless Charlayne Hunter-Gault,
Oliver Pritchett, Auberon Waugh,
Amalya Kearse, or Spencer Klaw.
Now let's all shout a cheerful "Hiya!"
To Renaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah,
And then append three fond hoorays
For Flora Lewis and Helen Hayes,
And set up some drinks for Marc Connelly
And a Yule tpyo for the folks at Donnelley.
(Sears, by chance do you have a Christmas pony
To mail to Mike Eruzione?)
Cyrus Vance! Here's a lotta
Love from us and Jake La Motta!
Heather Watts! Here's love and kisses
From Henny Youngman and his missus!
Bo Derek, dear, will you step 'neath
The mistletoe with me and Keith
Carradine, Dave Winfield,
Graham Greene, the Phillies' infield,
Eric Heiden, Andre De Shields,
And the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields?
Let's pour champagne (imp. or domestic)
For Melvin Dummar and Joe Restic,
Margaret Drabble, Octavio Paz,
Dolly Parton, and Thomas Szasz.
Let's sip a sup of elderberry
With my friend Margaret McElderry,
And refill from the same carafe
The glass of Baruj Benacerraff,
And then we'll raise a brimming snifter
To Olympics champion Miruts Yifter.
Another toast? Great idea!
To Roger Straus and Dorothea!
To Ellen Futter, Abe Vigoda,
Dame Naomi James, and Yoda!
Come birdfriends all to our winter feeder
And treat us to your jocund lieder.
Hark! Grosbeak, cardinal . . . Eastern cowbird!
Towhee, chickadee, finch are now heard!
Chicka-dee-dee-dee! Clee-ip (or *Cleer*)!
Che-wink! Weee-titi! Pit! What-cheer!
While phoebes (*Phoe-be!*) tweet along
In Roger Tory Petersong!
Ye waits and songbirds, now shall we go
Carol for our friends Rodrigo
Moynihan, Victor Navasky,
Alice Neel, and Boris Spassky?
Join us, you Weavers and Martin Sheen,
With "Adeste Fideles" for Dallas Green,
And "We Three Kings of Orient Are"
For the Doobie Bros. and Jamie Farr!
Come on, everyone and Northrop Frye,
Sing "Angels We Have Heard on High"
For Famous Amos, Richard Leakey,
The Andersons—Cat, John, and Keke—
Dennis Conner and Freedom's crew,
Greenpeace, and Roche & Dinkeloo!

It's Christmas, dears. Let hearts grow greener,
Let winter wear a warm demeanor,
And please may your holiday recall some
Scent of bygone hopes and balsam.
Good friends, God bless us, every one,
And bring us peace in '81.

—Roger Angell

THE TURKEY SEASON

WHEN I was fourteen I got a job at the Turkey Barn for the Christmas season. I was still too young to get a job working in a store or as a part-time waitress; I was also too nervous.

I was a turkey gutter. The other people who worked at the Turkey Barn were Lily and Marjorie and Gladys, who were also gutters; Irene and Henry, who were pluckers; Herb Abbott, the foreman, who superintended the whole operation and filled in wherever he was needed. Morgan Elliott was the owner and boss. He and his son, Morgy, did the killing.

Morgy I knew from school. I thought him stupid and despicable and was uneasy about having to consider him in a new and possibly superior guise, as the boss's son. But his father treated him so roughly, yelling and swearing at him, that he seemed no more than the lowest of the workers. The other person related to the boss was Gladys. She was his sister, and in her case there did seem to be some privilege of position. She worked slowly and went home if she was not feeling well, and was not friendly to Lily and Marjorie, although she was, a little, to me. She had come back to live with Morgan and his family after working for many years in Toronto, in a bank. This was not the sort of job she was used to. Lily and Marjorie, talking about her when she wasn't there, said she had had a nervous breakdown. They said Morgan made her work in the Turkey Barn to pay for her keep. They also said, with no worry about the contradiction, that she had taken the job because she was after a man, and that the man was Herb Abbott.

All I could see when I closed my eyes, the first few nights after working there, was turkeys. I saw them hanging upside down, plucked and stiffened, pale and cold, with the heads and necks limp, the eyes and nostrils clotted with dark blood; the remaining bits of feathers—those dark and bloody, too—seemed to form a crown. I saw them not with aversion but with a sense of endless work to be done.

Herb Abbott showed me what to do. You put the turkey down on the table and cut its head off with a cleaver. Then you took the loose skin around the neck and stripped it back to reveal the crop, nestled in the cleft between the gullet and the windpipe.

"Feel the gravel," said Herb encouragingly. He made me close my fingers around the crop. Then he showed me how to work my hand down behind it to cut it out, and the gullet and windpipe as well. He used shears to cut the vertebrae.

"Scrunch, scrunch," he said soothingly. "Now, put your hand in."

I did. It was deathly cold in there, in the turkey's dark insides.

"Watch out for bone splinters."

Working cautiously in the dark, I had to pull the connecting tissues loose.

"Ups-a-daisy." Herb turned the bird over and flexed each leg. "Knees up, Mother Brown. Now." He took a heavy knife and placed it directly on the knee knuckle joints and cut off the shank.

"Have a look at the worms."

Pearly-white strings, pulled out of the shank, were creeping about on their own.

"That's just the tendons shrinking. Now comes the nice part!"

He slit the bird at its bottom end, letting out a rotten smell.

"Are you educated?"

I did not know what to say.

"What's that smell?"

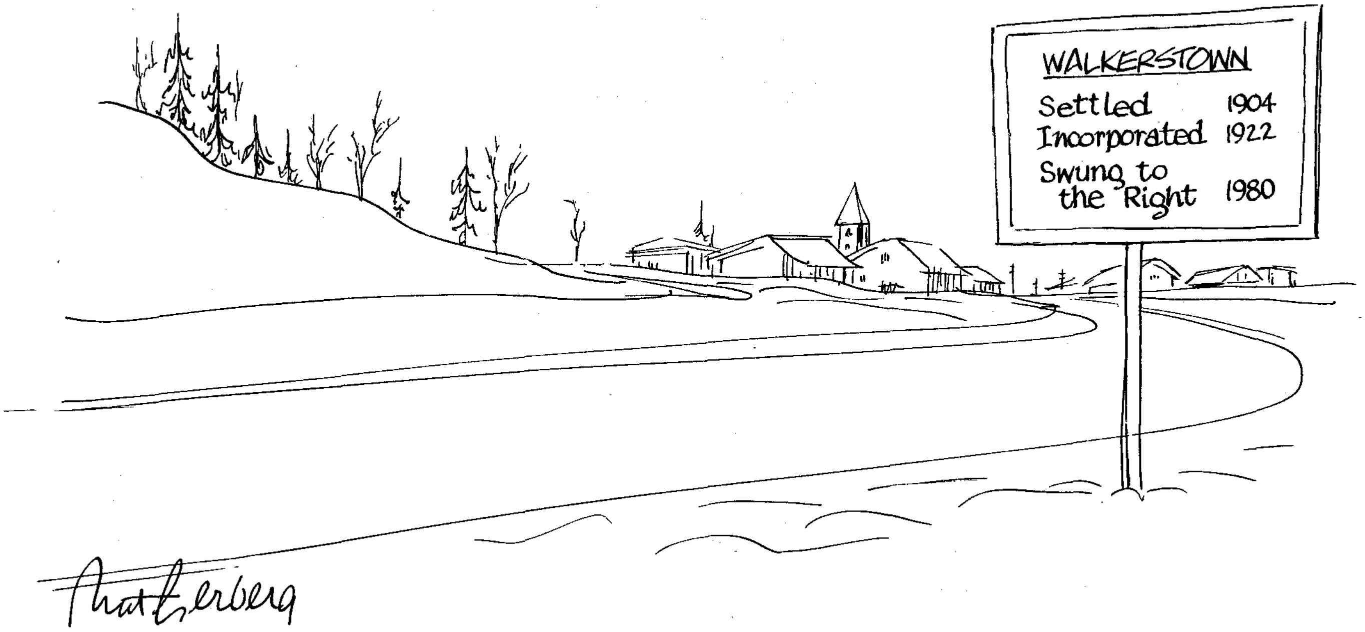
"Hydrogen sulfide."

"Educated," said Herb, sighing. "All right. Work your fingers around and get the guts loose. Easy. Easy. Keep your fingers together. Keep the palm inwards. Feel the ribs with the back of your hand. Feel the guts fit into your palm. Feel that? Keep going. Break the strings—as many as you can. Keep going. Feel a hard lump? That's the gizzard. Feel a soft lump? That's the heart. O.K.? O.K. Get your fingers around the gizzard. Easy. Start pulling this way. That's right. That's right. Start to pull her out."

It was not easy at all. I wasn't even sure what I had was the gizzard. My hand was full of cold pulp.

"Pull," he said, and I

"Roger Mudd, the Kalbs, and now Donald have all left CBS News for NBC News."



brought out a glistening, liverish mass.

"Got it. There's the lights. You know what they are. Lungs. There's the heart. There's the gizzard. There's the gall. Now, you don't ever want to break that gall inside or it will taste the entire turkey." Tactfully, he scraped out what I had missed, including the testicles, which were like a pair of white grapes.

"Nice pair of earrings," Herb said.

Herb Abbott was a tall, firm, plump man. His hair was dark and thin, combed straight back from a widow's peak, and his eyes seemed to be slightly slanted, so that he looked like a pale Chinese or like pictures of the Devil, except that he was smooth-faced and benign. Whatever he did around the Turkey Barn—gutting, as he was now, or loading the truck, or hanging the carcasses—was done with efficient, economical movements, quickly and buoyantly. "Notice about Herb—he always walks like he had a boat moving underneath him," Marjorie said, and it was true. Herb worked on the lake boats, during the season, as a cook. Then he worked for Morgan until after Christmas. The rest of the time he helped around the poolroom, making hamburgers, sweeping up, stopping fights before they got started. That was where he lived; he had a room above the poolroom on the main street.

In all the operations at the Turkey Barn it seemed to be Herb who had the efficiency and honor of the business continually on his mind; it was he who kept everything under control. Seeing him in the yard talking to Morgan, who was a thick, short man, red in the face, an unpredictable bully, you would be sure that it was Herb who was the boss and Morgan the hired help. But it was not so.

If I had not had Herb to show me, I don't think I could have learned turkey gutting at all. I was clumsy with my hands and had been shamed for it so often that the least show of impatience on the part of the person instructing me could have brought on a dithering paralysis. I could not stand to be watched by anybody but Herb. Particularly, I couldn't stand to be watched by Lily and Marjorie, two middle-aged sisters, who were very fast and thorough and competitive gutters. They sang at their work and talked abusively and intimately to the turkey carcasses.

"Don't you nick me, you old bugger!"

"Aren't you the old crap factory!"

I had never heard women talk like that.

Gladys was not a fast gutter, though she must have been thorough; Herb would have talked to her otherwise. She never sang and certainly she never swore. I thought her rather old, though she was not as old as Lily and Marjorie; she must have been over thirty. She seemed offended by everything that went on and had the air of keeping plenty of bitter judgments to herself. I never tried to talk to her, but she spoke to me one day in the cold little washroom off the gutting shed. She was putting pancake makeup on her face. The color of the makeup was so distinct from the color of her skin that it was as if she were slapping orange paint over a whitewashed, bumpy wall.

She asked me if my hair was naturally curly.

I said yes.

"You don't have to get a permanent?"

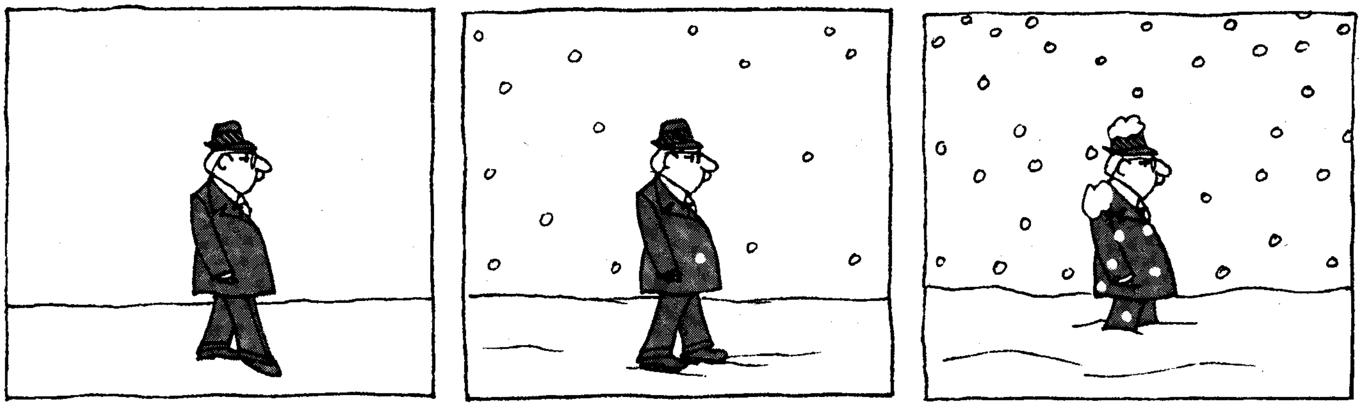
"No."

"You're lucky. I have to do mine up every night. The chemicals in my system won't allow me to get a permanent."

There are different ways women have of talking about their looks. Some women make it clear that what they do to keep themselves up is for the sake of sex, for men. Others, like Gladys, make the job out to be a kind of housekeeping, whose very difficulties they pride themselves on. Gladys was genteel. I could see her in the bank, in a navy-blue dress with the kind of detachable white collar you can wash at night. She would be grumpy and correct.

Another time, she spoke to me about her periods, which were profuse and painful. She wanted to know about mine. There was an uneasy, prudish, agitated expression on her face. I was saved by Irene, who was using the toilet and called out, "Do like me, and you'll be rid of all your problems for a while." Irene was only a few years older than I was, but she was recently—tardily—married, and heavily pregnant.

Gladys ignored her, running cold water on her hands. The hands of all



of us were red and sore-looking from the work. "I can't use that soap. If I use it, I break out in a rash," Gladys said. "If I bring my own soap in here, I can't afford to have other people using it, because I pay a lot for it—it's a special anti-allergy soap."

I think the idea that Lily and Marjorie promoted—that Gladys was after Herb Abbott—sprang from their belief that single people ought to be teased and embarrassed whenever possible, and from their interest in Herb, which led to the feeling that somebody ought to be after him. They wondered about him. What they wondered was: How can a man want so little? No wife, no family, no house. The details of his daily life, the small preferences, were of interest. Where had he been brought up? (Here and there and all over.) How far had he gone in school? (Far enough.) Where was his girlfriend? (Never tell.) Did he drink coffee or tea if he got the choice? (Coffee.)

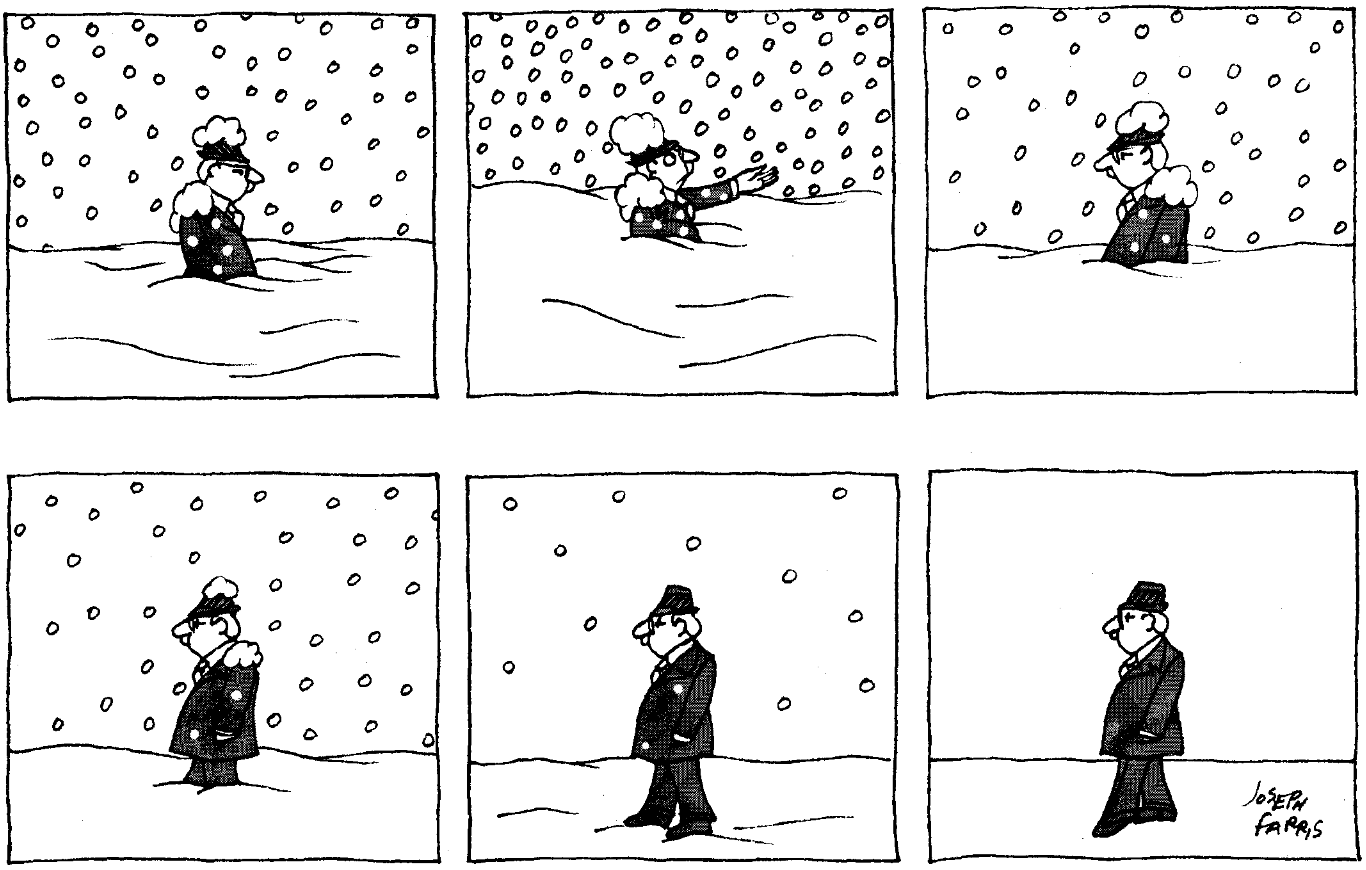
When they talked about Gladys's being after him they must have really wanted to talk about sex—what he wanted and what he got. They must have felt a voluptuous curiosity about him, as I did. He aroused this feeling by being circumspect and not making the jokes some men did, and at the same time by not being squeamish or gentlemanly. Some men, showing me the testicles from the turkey, would have acted as if the very existence of testicles were somehow a bad joke on me, something a girl could be taunted about; another sort of man would have been embarrassed and would have thought he had to protect me from embarrassment. A man who didn't seem to feel one way or the other was an oddity—as much to older women, probably, as to me. But what was so welcome a comfort to me may have been disturbing to them. They wanted to jolt him. They even wanted Gladys to jolt him, if she could.

There wasn't any idea then—at least in Logan, Ontario, in the late forties—about homosexuality's going beyond very narrow confines. Women, certainly, believed in its rarity and in definite boundaries. There were homosexuals in town, and we knew who they were: an elegant, light-voiced, wavy-haired paperhanger who called himself an interior decorator; the minister's widow's fat, spoiled only son, who went so far as to enter baking contests and had crocheted a tablecloth; a hypochondriacal church organist and music teacher who kept the choir and his pupils in line with screaming tantrums. Once the label was fixed, there was a good deal of tolerance for these people, and their talents for decorating, for crocheting, and for music were appreciated—especially by women. "The poor fellow," they said. "He doesn't do any harm." They really seemed to believe—the women did—that it was the penchant for baking or music that was the determining factor, and that it was the activity that made the man what he was, not any other detours he might take, or wish to take. A wish to play the violin would be taken as more a deviation from manliness than would a wish to shun women. Indeed, the idea was that any manly man would wish to shun women but most of them were caught off guard, and for good.

I don't want to go into the question of whether Herb was homosexual or not, because the definition is of no use to me. I think that probably he was, but maybe he was not. (Even considering what happened later, I think that.) He is not a puzzle so arbitrarily solved.

THE other plucker, who worked with Irene, was Henry Streets, a neighbor of ours. There was nothing remarkable about him except that he was eighty-six years old and still, as he said of himself, a devil for work. He had whiskey in his thermos, and drank it from time to time through the day. It was Henry who had said to me, in our kitchen, "You ought to get yourself a job at the Turkey Barn. They need another gutter." Then my father said at once, "Not her, Henry. She's got ten thumbs," and Henry said he was just joking—it was dirty work. But I was already determined to try it—I had a great need to be successful in a job like this. I was almost in the condition of a grownup person who is ashamed of never having learned to read, so much did I feel my ineptness at manual work. Work, to everybody I knew, meant doing things I was no good at doing, and work was what people prided themselves on and measured each other by. (It goes without saying that the things I was good at, like schoolwork, were suspect or held in plain contempt.) So it was a surprise and then a triumph for me not to get fired, and to be able to turn out clean turkeys at a rate that was not disgraceful. I don't know if I really understood how much Herb Abbott was responsible for this, but he would sometimes say, "Good girl," or pat my waist and say, "You're getting to be a good gutter—you'll go a long ways in the world," and when I felt his quick, kind touch through the heavy sweater and bloody smock I wore, I felt my face glow and I wanted to lean back against him as he stood behind me. I wanted to rest my head against his wide, fleshy shoulder. When I went to sleep at night, lying on my side, I would rub my cheek against the pillow and think of that as Herb's shoulder.

I was interested in how he talked to Gladys, how he looked at her or noticed her. This interest was not jealousy. I think I wanted something to



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happen with them. I quivered in curious expectation, as Lily and Marjorie did. We all wanted to see the flicker of sexuality in him, hear it in his voice, not because we thought it would make him seem more like other men but because we knew that with him it would be entirely different. He was kinder and more patient than most women, and as stern and remote, in some ways, as any man. We wanted to see how he could be moved.

If Gladys wanted this, too, she didn't give any signs of it. It is impossible for me to tell with women like her whether they are as thick and deadly as they seem, not wanting anything much but opportunities for irritation and contempt, or if they are all choked up with gloomy fires and useless passions.

Marjorie and Lily talked about marriage. They did not have much good to say about it, in spite of their feeling that it was a state nobody should be allowed to stay out of. Marjorie said that shortly after her marriage she had gone into the woodshed with the intention of swallowing Paris green.

"I'd have done it," she said. "But the man came along in the grocery truck and I had to go out and buy the groceries. This was when we lived on the farm."

Her husband was cruel to her in those days, but later he suffered an accident—he rolled the tractor and was so badly hurt he would be an invalid all his life. They moved to town, and Marjorie was the boss now.

"He starts to sulk the other night and say he don't want his supper. Well, I just picked up his wrist and held it. He was scared I was going to twist his arm. He could see I'd do it. So I say, 'You *what*?' And he says, 'I'll eat it.' "

They talked about their father. He was a man of the old school. He had a noose in the woodshed (not the Paris-green woodshed—this would be an earlier one, on another farm), and when they got on his nerves he used to line them up and threaten to hang them. Lily, who was the younger, would shake till she fell down. This same father had arranged to marry Marjorie off to a crony of his when she was just sixteen. That was the husband who had driven her to the Paris green. Their father did it because he wanted to be sure she wouldn't get into trouble.

"Hot blood," Lily said.

I was horrified, and asked, "Why didn't you run away?"

"His word was law," Marjorie said.

They said that was what was the matter with kids nowadays—it was the kids that ruled the roost. A father's word should be law. They brought up their own kids strictly, and none had turned out bad yet. When Marjorie's son wet the bed she threatened to cut off his dingy with the butcher knife. That cured him.

They said ninety per cent of the young girls nowdays drank, and swore, and took it lying down. They did not have daughters, but if they did and caught them at anything like that they would beat them raw. Irene, they said, used to go to the hockey games with her ski pants slit and nothing under them, for convenience in the snowdrifts afterward. Terrible.

I wanted to point out some contradictions. Marjorie and Lily themselves drank and swore, and what was so wonderful about the strong will of a father who would insure you a lifetime of unhappiness? (What I did not see was that Marjorie and Lily were not unhappy altogether—could not be, because of their sense of consequence, their pride and style.) I could be enraged then at the lack of logic in most adults' talk—the way they held to their pronouncements no matter what evidence might be presented to them. How could these women's hands be so gifted, so delicate and clever—for I knew they would be as good at dozens of other jobs as they were at gutting; they would be good at quilting and darning and painting and papering and kneading dough and setting out seedlings—and their thinking so slapdash, clumsy, infuriating?

Lily said she never let her husband come near her if he had been drinking. Marjorie said since the time she nearly died with a hemorrhage she never let her husband come near her, period. Lily said quickly that it was only when he'd been drinking that he tried anything. I could see that it was a matter of pride not to let your husband come near you, but I couldn't quite believe that "come near" meant "have sex." The idea of Marjorie and Lily being sought out for such purposes seemed grotesque. They had bad teeth, their stomachs sagged, their faces were dull and spotty. I decided to take "come near" literally.

THE two weeks before Christmas were a frantic time at the Turkey Barn. I began to go in for an hour before school as well as after school and on weekends. In the morning, when I walked to work, the street lights would still be on and the morning stars shining. There was the Turkey Barn, on the edge of a white field, with a row of big pine trees behind it, and always, no matter how cold and still it was, these trees were lifting their branches and sighing and straining. It seems unlikely that on my way to the Turkey Barn, for an hour of gutting turkeys, I should have experienced such a sense of promise and at the same time of perfect, impenetrable mystery in the universe, but I did. Herb had something to do with that, and so did the cold snap—the series of hard, clear mornings. The truth is, such feelings weren't hard to come by then. I would get them but not know how they were to be connected with anything in real life.

One morning at the Turkey Barn there was a new gutter. This was a boy eighteen or nineteen years old, a stranger named Brian. It seemed he was a relative, or perhaps just a friend, of Herb Abbott's. He was staying with Herb. He had worked on a lake boat last summer. He said he had got sick of it, though, and quit.

Language at the Turkey Barn was coarse and free, but in telling us this Brian used an expression that is commonplace today but was not so then. It seemed not careless but flaunting, mixing insult and provocation. Perhaps it was his general style that made it seem so. He had amazing good looks: taffy hair, bright-blue eyes, ruddy skin, well-shaped body—the sort of good looks nobody disagrees about for a moment. But a single, relentless no-

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STEEL

Foxtails, vines, black rocks, small streams,
thistles, and here and there a bright bird
leaping from branch to branch, and then
the whipbird uncoiling his wild song. We
climbed higher and higher through the dense
forest of eucalyptus until the sea broke
below and the bright golden shore curved
landward for a time and then jutted back
to hold the steel town of Wollongong,
over which a brown scum rode. I thought,
This is just like home, and before me
flashed that distant Sunday afternoon
on which I waited at a railroad crossing
while the tanks, one to a car, their guns
dropped and frowning, passed for some
fifteen minutes, and I wondered how
many deaths they would contain and would
one be mine. It was my cousin, not I,
in Patton's army at a famous bridgehead.
His widow came to stay with us, still not
thirty, a silent woman, childless, asking
for nothing. Over thirty years ago,
and even here, on a clear winter Sunday
at the other end of the world, that life
intrudes asking still to be dealt with,
understood, accepted. Names I have lost,
faces with no more character than the moon
swim up out of my life. Someone has found
a long vine, and we take turns swinging
out and back over a patch of rocks
and spiky bushes. I'm once again
a child on a children's outing. We will build
a small fire from fallen boughs and eat steak
and sausages and drink the soft dry wine,
and lie back in the late sun, dozing until
the first cold winds chill our brows.
At last, the ocean, darkening against
a low sky, breaks cold and persistent over
the pocked stones, and we watch in silence
at dusk a herd of deer descending through
the fringe of forest to drink cautiously
at an old well. I could name these people
I will never see again, the mother and child,
the young painter full of hopes, the one
returned from Italy, his face creased
and tight as he bowed before a tiny thornbush
and said its name over and over. Now I can hear
over the sea roar the great rolling mills
of Wollongong and the breaking of metal
on metal in the tides of the mind. I see
men and women stand back to let it happen, as
though the sea could stop, or steel, or memory.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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"Heatherton has no populist tendencies whatsoever."

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tion had got such a hold on him that he could not keep from turning all his assets into parody. His mouth was wet-looking and slightly open most of the time, his eyes were half shut, his expression a hopeful leer, his movements indolent, exaggerated, inviting. Perhaps if he had been put on a stage with a microphone and a guitar and let grunt and howl and wriggle and excite, he would have seemed a true celebrant. Lacking a stage, he was unconvincing. After a while he seemed just like somebody with a bad case of hiccups—his insistent sexuality was that monotonous and meaningless.

If he had toned down a bit, Marjorie and Lily would probably have enjoyed him. They could have kept up a game of telling him to shut his filthy mouth and keep his hands to himself. As it was, they said they were sick of him, and meant it. Once, Marjorie took up her gutting knife. "Keep your distance," she said. "I mean from me and my sister and that kid."

She did not tell him to keep his distance from Gladys, because Gladys wasn't there at the time and Marjorie would probably not have felt like protecting her anyway. But it was Gladys Brian particularly liked to bother. She would throw down her knife and go into the washroom and stay there ten minutes and come out with a stony face. She didn't say she was sick anymore and go home, the way she used to. Marjorie said Morgan was mad at Gladys for sponging and she couldn't get away with it any longer.

Gladys said to me, "I can't stand that kind of thing. I can't stand people mentioning that kind of thing and that kind of—gestures. It makes me sick to my stomach."

I believed her. She was terribly white. But why, in that case, did she not complain to Morgan? Perhaps relations between them were too uneasy, perhaps she could not bring herself to repeat or describe such things. Why did none of us complain—if not to Morgan, at least to Herb? I never thought of it. Brian seemed just something to put up with, like the freezing cold in the gutting shed and the smell of blood and waste. When Marjorie and Lily did threaten to complain, it was about Brian's laziness.

He was not a good gutter. He said his hands were too big. So Herb took him off gutting, told him he was to sweep and clean up, make packages of giblets, and help load the truck. This meant that he did not have to be in any one place or doing any one job at a given time, so much of the time he did nothing. He would start sweeping up, leave that and mop the tables, leave that and have a cigarette, lounge against the table bothering us until Herb called him to help load. Herb was very busy now and spent a lot of time making deliveries, so it was possible he did not know the extent of Brian's idleness.

"I don't know why Herb don't fire you," Marjorie said. "I guess the answer is he don't want you hanging around sponging on him, with no place to go."

"I know where to go," said Brian.

"Keep your sloppy mouth shut," said Marjorie. "I pity Herb. Getting saddled."

ON the last school day before Christmas we got out early in the afternoon. I went home and changed my clothes and came into work at about three o'clock. Nobody was working. Everybody was in the gutting shed, where Morgan Elliott was swinging a cleaver over the gutting table and yelling. I couldn't make out what the yelling was about, and thought someone must have made a terrible mistake in his work; perhaps it had been me. Then I saw Brian on the other side of the table, looking very sulky and mean, and standing well back. The sexual leer was not altogether gone from his face, but it was flattened out and mixed with a look of impotent bad temper and some fear. That's it, I thought; Brian is getting fired for being so sloppy and lazy. Even when I made out Morgan saying "pervert" and "filthy" and "maniac," I still thought that that was what was happening. Marjorie and Lily, and even brassy Irene, were standing around with downcast, rather pious looks, such as children get when somebody is suffering a terrible bawling out at school. Only old Henry seemed able to keep a cautious grin on his face. Gladys was not to be seen. Herb was standing closer to Morgan than anybody else. He was not interfering but was keeping an eye on the cleaver. Morgy was blubbering, though he didn't seem to be in any immediate danger.

Morgan was yelling at Brian to get out. "And out of this town—I mean it—and don't you wait till tomorrow if you still want your arse in one piece! Out!," he shouted, and the cleaver swung dramatically towards the door. Brian started in that direction but, whether he meant to or not, he made a swaggering, taunting motion of the buttocks. This made Morgan break into a roar and run after him, swinging the cleaver in a stagy way. Brian ran, and Morgan ran after him, and Irene screamed and grabbed her stomach. Morgan was too heavy to run any distance and probably could not have thrown the cleaver very far, either. Herb watched from the doorway. Soon Morgan came back and flung the cleaver down on the table.

"All back to work! No more gawking around here! You don't get paid for gawking! What are you getting under way at?" he said, with a hard look at Irene.

"Nothing," Irene said meekly.

"If you're getting under way get out of here."

"I'm not."

"All right, then!"

We got to work. Herb took off his blood-smeared smock and put on his jacket and went off, probably to see that Brian got ready to go on the suppertime bus. He did not say a word. Morgan and his son went out to the yard, and Irene and Henry went back to the adjoining shed, where they did the plucking, working knee-deep in the feathers Brian was supposed to keep swept up.

"Where's Gladys?" I said softly.

"Recuperating," said Marjorie. She, too, spoke in a quieter voice than usual, and "recuperating" was not the sort of word she and Lily normally used. It was a word to be used about Gladys, with a mocking intent.

They didn't want to talk about what had happened, because they were afraid Morgan might come in and catch them at it and fire them. Good workers as they were, they were afraid of that. Besides, they hadn't seen anything. They must have been annoyed that they hadn't. All I ever found out was that Brian had either done something or shown something to Gladys as she came out of the washroom and she had started screaming and having hysterics.

Now she'll likely be laid up with another nervous breakdown, they said. And he'll be on his way out of town. And good riddance, they said, to both of them.

I HAVE a picture of the Turkey Barn crew taken on Christmas Eve. It was taken with a flash camera that was someone's Christmas extravagance. I think it was Irene's. But Herb Abbott must have been the one who took the picture. He was the one who could be trusted to know or to learn immediately how to manage anything new, and flash cameras were fairly new at the time. The picture was taken about

"It's waterproof to a hundred fathoms."

• •

ten o'clock on Christmas Eve, after Herb and Morgy had come back from making the last delivery and we had washed off the gutting table and swept and mopped the cement floor. We had taken off our bloody smocks and heavy sweaters and gone into the little room called the lunchroom, where there was a table and a heater. We still wore our working clothes: overalls and shirts. The men wore caps and the women kerchiefs, tied in the wartime style. I am stout and cheerful and comradely in the picture, transformed into someone I don't ever remember being or pretending to be. I look years older than fourteen. Irene is the only one who has taken off her kerchief, freeing her long red hair. She peers out from it with a meek, sluttish, inviting look, which would match her reputation but is not like any look of hers I remember. Yes, it must have been her camera; she is posing for it, with that look, more deliberately than anyone else is. Marjorie and Lily are smiling, true to form, but their smiles are sour and reckless. With their hair hidden, and such figures as they have bundled up, they look like a couple of tough and jovial but testy workmen. Their kerchiefs look misplaced; caps would be better. Henry is in high spirits, glad to be part of the work force, grinning and looking twenty years younger than his age. Then Morgy, with his hangdog look, not trusting the occasion's bounty, and Morgan very flushed and bosslike and satisfied. He has just given each of us our bonus turkey. Each of these turkeys has a leg or a wing missing, or a malformation of some kind, so none of them are salable at the full price. But Morgan has been at pains to tell us that you often get the best meat off the gimpy ones, and he has shown us that he's taking one home himself.

We are all holding mugs or large, thick china cups, which contain not the usual tea but rye whiskey. Morgan and Henry have been drinking since suppertime. Marjorie and Lily say they only want a little, and only take it at all because it's Christmas Eve and they are dead on their feet. Irene says she's dead on her feet as well but that doesn't mean she only wants a little. Herb has poured quite generously not just for her but for Lily and Marjorie, too, and they do not object. He has measured mine and Morgy's out together, very stingily, and poured in Coca-Cola. This is the first drink I have ever had, and as a result I will believe for years that rye-and-Coca-Cola is a standard sort of drink and will always ask for it, until I notice that few other people drink it and that it makes me sick. I didn't get sick that Christmas Eve, though; Herb had not given me enough. Except for an odd taste, and my own feeling of consequence, it was like drinking Coca-Cola.

I don't need Herb in the picture to remember what he looked like. That is, if he looked like himself, as he did all the time at the Turkey Barn and the few times I saw him on the street—as he did all the times in my life when I saw him except one.

The time he looked somewhat unlike himself was when Morgan was cursing out Brian and, later, when Brian had run off down the road. What was this different look? I've tried to remember, because I studied it hard at the time. It wasn't much different. His face looked softer and heavier then, and if you had to describe the expression on it you would have to say it was an expression of shame. But what would he be ashamed of? Ashamed of Brian, for the way he had behaved? Surely that would be late in the day; when had Brian ever behaved otherwise? Ashamed of Morgan, for carrying on so ferociously and theatrically? Or of himself, because he was famous for nipping fights and displays of this sort in the bud and hadn't been able to do it here? Would he be ashamed that he hadn't stood up for Brian? Would he have expected himself to do that, to stand up for Brian?

All this was what I wondered at the time. Later, when I knew more, at least about sex, I decided that Brian was Herb's lover, and that Gladys really was trying to get attention from Herb, and that that was why Brian had humiliated her—with or without Herb's connivance and consent. Isn't it true that people like Herb—dignified, secretive, honorable people—will often choose somebody like Brian, will waste their helpless love on some vicious, silly person who is not even evil, or a monster, but just some importunate nuisance? I decided that Herb, with all his gentleness and carefulness, was avenging himself on us all—not just on Gladys but on us all—with Brian, and that what he was feeling when I studied his face must have been a savage and gleeful scorn. But embarrassment as well—embarrassment for Brian and for himself and for Gladys, and to some degree for all of us. Shame for all of us—that is what I thought then.

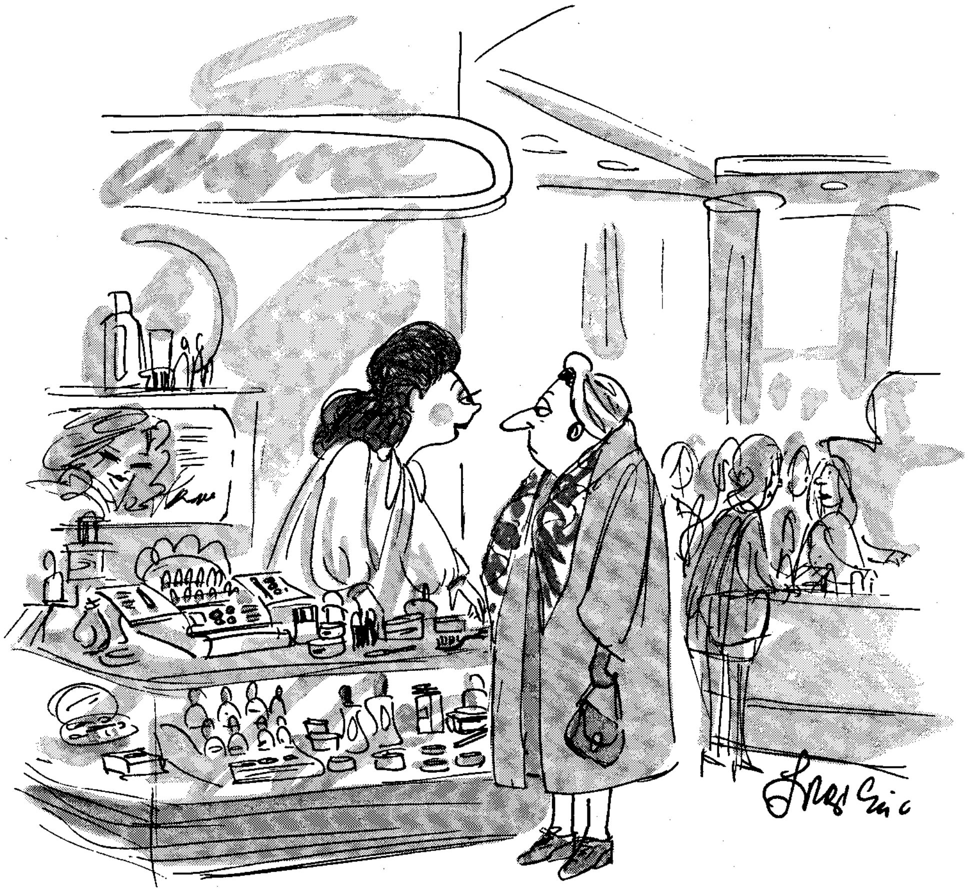
Later still, I backed off from this explanation. I got to a stage of backing off from the things I couldn't really know. It's enough for me now just to think of Herb's face with that peculiar, stricken look; to think of Brian monkeying in the shade of Herb's dignity; to think of my own mystified concentration on Herb, my need to catch him out, if I could ever get the chance, and then move in and stay close to him. How attractive, how delectable the prospect of intimacy is with the very person who will never grant it. I can still feel the pull of a man like that, of his promising and refusing. I would still like to know things. Never mind facts. Never mind theories, either.

When I finished my drink I wanted to say something to Herb. I stood beside him and waited for a moment when he was not listening to or talking with anyone else and when the increasingly rowdy conversation of the others would cover what I had to say.

"I'm sorry your friend had to go away."

"That's all right."

Herb spoke kindly and with amusement, and so shut me off from any further right to look at or speak about his life. He knew what I was up to. He must have known it before, with lots of women. He knew how to deal with it.



"Your problem is common to many urban women. Pollution has robbed your skin of its natural beauty."

Lily had a little more whiskey in her mug and told how she and her best girlfriend (dead now, of liver trouble) had dressed up as men one time and gone into the men's side of the beer parlor, the side where it said "Men Only," because they wanted to see what it was like. They sat in a corner drinking beer and keeping their eyes and ears open, and nobody looked twice or thought a thing about them, but soon a problem arose.

"Where were we going to go? If we went around to the other side and anybody seen us going into the ladies', they would scream bloody murder. And if we went into the men's somebody'd be sure to notice we didn't do it the right way. Meanwhile the beer was going through us like a bugger!"

"What you don't do when you're young!" Marjorie said.

Several people gave me and Morgy advice. They told us to enjoy ourselves while we could. They told us to stay out of trouble. They said they had all been young once. Herb said we were a good crew and had done a good job but he didn't want to get in bad with any of the women's husbands by keeping them there too late. Marjorie and Lily expressed indifference to their husbands, but Irene announced that she loved hers and that it was not true that he had been dragged back from Detroit to marry her, no matter what people said. Henry said it was a good life if you didn't weaken. Morgan said he wished us all the most sincere Merry Christmas.

When we came out of the Turkey Barn it was snowing. Lily said it was like a Christmas card, and so it was, with the snow whirling around the street lights in town and around the colored lights people had put up outside their doorways. Morgan was giving Henry and Irene a ride home in the truck, acknowledging age and pregnancy and Christmas. Morgy took a shortcut through the field, and Herb walked off by himself, head down and hands in his pockets, rolling slightly, as if he were on the deck of a lake boat. Marjorie and Lily linked arms with me as if we were old comrades.

"Let's sing," Lily said. "What'll we sing?"

"'We Three Kings'?" said Marjorie. "'We Three Turkey Gutters'?"

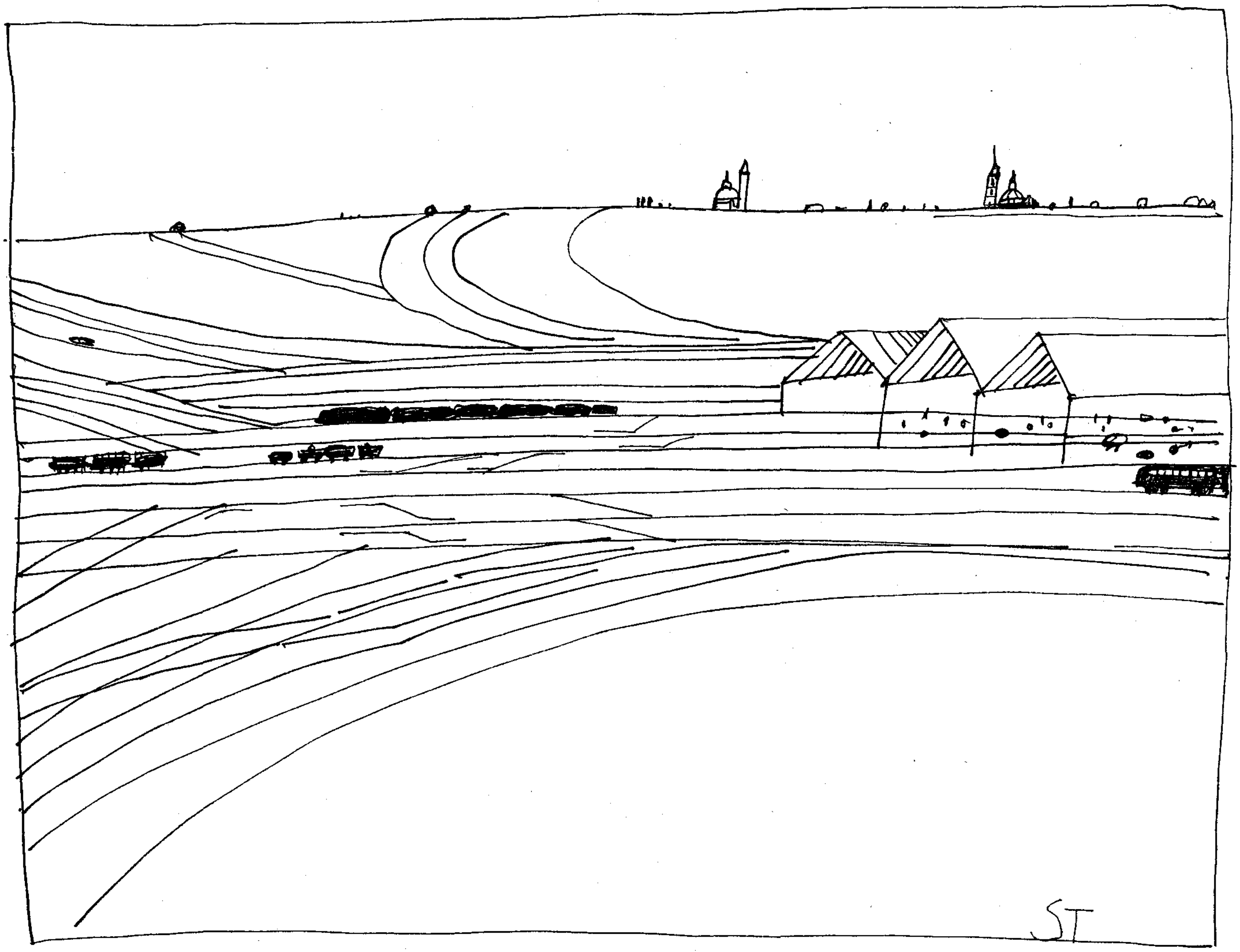
"'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.'"

"Why dream? You got it!"

So we sang. —Alice Munro

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RAPIDO



I WENT to Italy some months ago—to Venice, to Florence, to Rome. It was my first visit, and I saw most of the sights that most first visitors see. I saw St. Mark's Square and the Doges' Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, Harry's Bar. I climbed the steps to the Piazzale Michelangelo. I saw the Duomo, the Pitti Palace, Harry's Bar. I climbed the Spanish Steps. I saw the Sistine Chapel, the Colosseum, the Trevi Fountain, Harry's Bar. But I also saw some sights that tourists these days seldom see. I did all my travelling by train.

I began my Italian travels in Switzerland, in Geneva, up two long flights of deserted steps in the marble monumentality of the Gare de Cornavin, at six o'clock on a rainy morning. I had spent a couple of days in Geneva, chiefly at the headquarters there of the World Health Organization, and when my business was finished I decided to give myself a holiday; being still barely convalescent from my transatlantic flight, I decided to take the train. My train was the daily Paris-Venice Express, leaving Geneva at 6:07 A.M., with stops at Lausanne, Domodossola (at the southern end of the Simplon Tunnel), Stresa (on Lake Maggiore), Milan, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, reaching Venice at 4:20 P.M. I stood on the glassed-over platform at Track No. 3 in the loom of a string of darkened passenger cars, with a heavy suitcase and an empty stomach, with a dozen words of French and three or four of Italian, and waited for somebody to tell me what to do.

A businessman with a briefcase came up the steps.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*"

A stare. He went on.

An elderly couple came up the steps.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*"

A stare. "*Non.*"

A man in a blue uniform (porter? trainman? clerk?) came along the platform.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*"

He stopped and looked at me. He shrugged. I pointed up and down the string of standing cars.

"Venice?"

He looked me carefully over.

He said, "*Première classe?*"

I nodded.

He took me lightly by the arm and led me up the platform. He stopped at the third car. A small sign near the entrance read "VENEZIA." I thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I climbed aboard, and the lights went on. It was a car much like an American Pullman bedroom car, with a row of compartments opening on a narrow, windowed aisle. The compartments were glassed in and contained two facing settees upholstered in orange fabric, each divided by armrests into three seats. I found my designated compartment and my designated seat, a window seat facing forward. I stowed my suitcase in an overhead rack and sat down and looked at my reflection in the window. The car gave a little stir. I took that to mean that we were now joined to the Paris-Venice Express. The compartment door opened, and a man came in—a short, stocky, bald-headed man in tan suède shoes, dark trousers, a pale-gray jacket, a striped shirt, and a bow tie. He put his luggage on the rack, smiled and nodded, and sat down in a facing seat near the door. He opened a copy of *La Suisse*. My empty stomach rumbled.

"*Pardon*," I said. I pointed fore and aft. "*Wagon-restaurant?*"

He shook his head. "*Non. Pas de wagon-restaurant.*"

I looked sick.

He smiled. He gestured toward the aisle. He made a motion suggestive of pushing a cart.

"*Le mini*," he said. "*Café. Croissant.*"

I pointed to my watch.

He nodded. "*Bientôt.*"

The train gave another stir. It began to move. We slid silently through the station, into the dusk of dawn. It was still raining. Buildings passed in the gloom. Steep, tree-lined streets climbed up and away. A conductor appeared. He held out his hand for our tickets, gave them each an absent-minded punch, and withdrew. I looked out the window. Geneva had vanished. There were no outskirts; there was the city, and then there was open countryside—hillside vineyards, hilltop groves of pine, plunging, foaming waterfall streams. A cart came trundling down the aisle. *Le mini!* I jumped to the door.

I held up a finger. "*Café au lait.*" I held up another. "*Croissant.*" I held out a handful of little Swiss coins.

I went back to my seat with a steaming container of coffee, a little container of milk, a packet of sugar, a croissant wrapped in wax paper. The croissant was almost the size of a small loaf of bread. It was neither hot nor cold. There was no butter. I took a bite. It was fresh and flaky. It was perfection. I all but rolled my eyes. I took a swallow of coffee. Oh, my God! I couldn't believe it. I took another swallow. And it was true. It was the richest, the coffee-est coffee I had ever tasted. It was a masterpiece to match the croissant. It was the kind of coffee that one might hope to find in a four-star restaurant. A five-star restaurant. And I had found it on a snack cart on a train.

THE morning slowly brightened. There were long, low, hill-hugging farmhouses here and there among the climbing vineyards. Through the compartment door, through the windows along the aisle, I could now make out the lake—the Lake of Geneva, Byron's inspiring Lake Leman. The waters were dark and choppy. They stretched darkly away, beyond the horizon, to France. It didn't look much like Byron's depiction in "Childe Harold": "Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face." It looked more like the North Atlantic.

THE train began to slow. It gently stopped: Lausanne. I looked out at a wall, a muddy flower bed of salvia, an old woman in black. The compartment door opened, and a young woman in a Burberry raincoat came in. She had long blond hair and three-inch heels, a Vuitton carryall, and what looked like a French paperback edition of an American gothic. She looked at me and then at the bald-headed man. There was a rapid exchange between them in French. She heaved her bag and her raincoat up onto the rack and took the seat at the opposite end of my settee. She opened her book. She read intently for a good two minutes. Then she looked at me again.

"I think you are American," she said. Her English was almost without accent. "I am right?"

I said she was. And how did she know?

She laughed. "Oo-la-la! There is no difficulty. You have the buttoned-down collar and the jacket with one vent. In Europe, it is two vents or none."

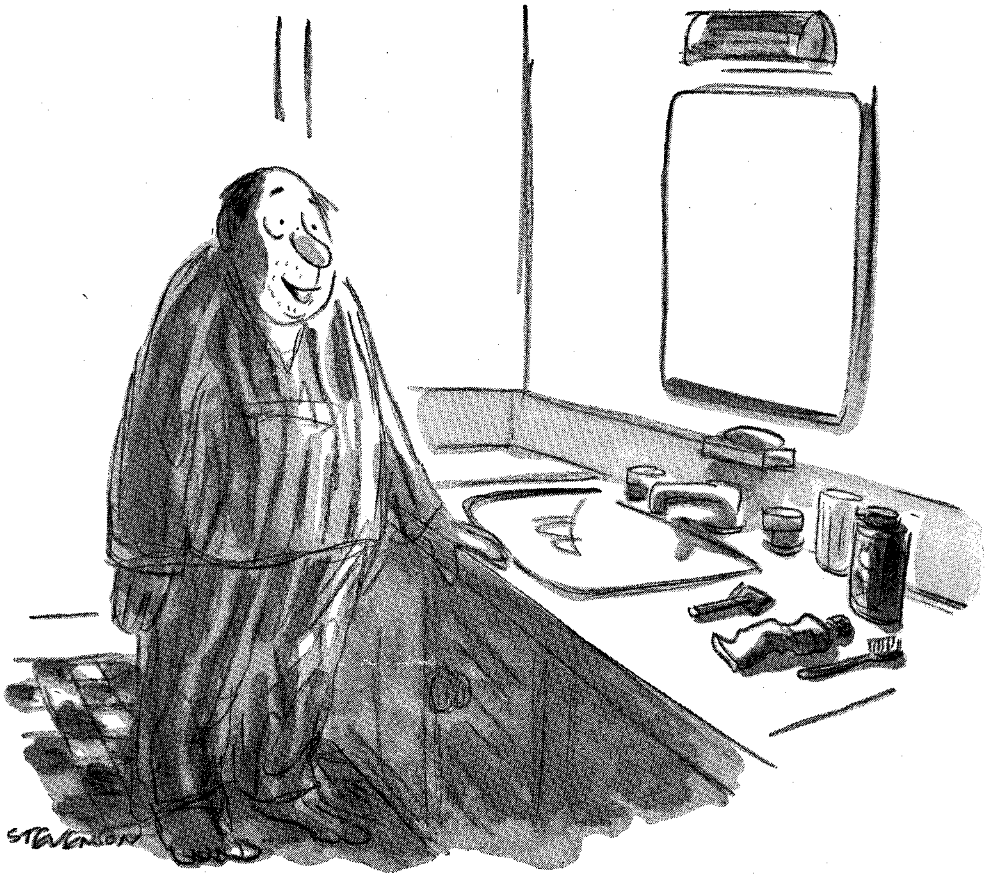
I asked about her excellent English.

She shrugged. "It is necessary to my job. I am a courier—a tour guide. I have English, German, Italian, and, of course, French. I am Swiss. I have known many Americans on my tours. I am interested in how different they speak. Some like you. Some not. I love America. I hate Switzerland. I am unhappy in Switzerland. It is because I know so many other countries. I go now to meet a tour in Milano. I think I will live in Italy. Or maybe France. Or America. How I would love to live in America! It is my dream. Look!" She brought out a package of Marlboro cigarettes. "I smoke nothing else." So, in fact, did almost every other smoker I observed in the course of my trip. The exception was an American girl at a table next to mine in Madonna, in Venice. She was smoking Player's. A long-expatriated American I dined with in Rome confirmed my observations. "It's that Marlboro cowboy," he told me. "Marlboro was just another cigarette in Europe until they came up with that guy with his big hat and all those horses. Europe is very macho—men and women both. Marlboro fits right in with the bluejeans and the boots and the big, hand-tooled leather belts. It's part of that everlasting romance with the Wild West."

THE courier went back to her book. The bald-headed man was still deep in *La Suisse*. I went back to my window—to the vineyards, the leaping alpine streams, the rain. A town appeared: Vevey. Then a village: La Tour-de-Peilz. Then another: Clarens. Then a town: Montreux. Associations surged: Rousseau, Byron again and Shelley, Charlie Chaplin, Nabokov, Simenon. I looked, too late, for the Castle of Chillon. Then the lake was gone, and we were in the depths, the deeps, of the valley of the Rhone. The hills rose into mountains, into rock and fir and a distant glimpse of snow. The mountains climbed, mile after mile, always changing, always the same. This was no mere scene. This was Scenery.

The compartment door opened, and a man in a blue uniform came one step in. He stopped and stood almost at attention. He extended a hand. "*Passeports, s'il vous plaît.*"

THE scene, the Scenery—everything—vanished in a total blackness. The bald-headed man looked up from his paper. The courier looked up from her book. She gave me a professional smile. "Simplon," she said in



"Good morning, gang."

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the voice of a guide. "The famous tunnel."

I knew the statistics. It was twelve and a half miles long—the longest tunnel in the world. It lay at an elevation of around twenty-three hundred feet. And—I felt a little twitch of not quite uneasiness—we were piercing the very heart of the Lepontine Alps. The roof of rock above us was seven thousand feet thick.

My companions went back to their reading. I sat and waited. There was no sense of motion, almost no sound. We seemed suspended in space. The bald-headed man turned a crackling page. The black at the window began to pale. I could make out the rock of the tunnel wall. We burst out of the tunnel into light—into light that was more than mere daylight, into a dazzle of brilliant sunlight. We had left the rain in Switzerland. We were in Italy. We were still in mountains. But it was a different scene, a different Scenery. The sun made all the difference.

The compartment door opened, and a man in a pale-blue uniform stepped in. He inclined his head, he smiled, he held out his hand. "*Passaporti, per favore.*"

THE mountains began to diminish. They shrank to foothills, to hills, to broad, vineyarded slopes, to an occasional tilted, stubbled cornfield. Houses, then buildings appeared, and a railroad station with flower beds and trees: Domodossola. We moved abruptly on. I closed my eyes and dozed. I awoke to a softer countryside. It had a sun-swept, pastel, almost Mexican look. No, not Mexican. It was a landscape painted by Pissarro. The farmhouses were square, solid, rooted, tinted pale yellow, pale orange, with red tile roofs and green shutters. A man in rags stood in a doorway eating an apple. I looked at my watch. It was only a little after ten, but I had breakfasted lightly and long ago and in another country. I began to think about lunch.

I asked the courier about a restaurant car for lunch. She seemed to reflect, then spoke to the bald-headed man. She turned back, smiling.

"You will eat after Milano," she said. "The *wagon-restaurant* is added there, at Milano."

"And when do we get to Milan?"

"Just after noon," she said. "At twelve-twenty."

I said I only hoped that we were on time.

"On time?" she said. "I do not understand. The train is always on time."

IT was on time, precisely, to the minute. Then we sat there, in the huge, glass-roofed shed of the Stazione Centrale, flanked by track after track after track, by standing strings of passenger cars, by waiting trains (one with a restaurant car full of people eating and drinking), by trains coming and going, by platforms surging with uniformed porters, uniformed police, travellers of every class and kind, for thirty-five minutes. It was a scene that tugged sadly at memory. It made me think of Grand Central Station in New York some thirty years ago.

Our compartment now was almost full. The courier had departed to join her tour, but the bald-headed man still sat in his corner seat. Her seat was now occupied by a young Italian in a dark three-piece suit with dark circles under his brooding eyes, and in the two seats opposite me were two Germans, men in their late thirties—one dark and one fair, and both in tight, flared trousers and glossy and pungently leather-smelling leather jackets. The fair one sat writing slowly, thoughtfully, in a book-size diary. His friend sat smoking, chain-smoking, Marlboros. The Italian sat erect, lightly tapping his foot. I already missed the courier—her company and her English. The train gave its gentle stir, and we gently began to move. We moved through a maze of tracks, past warehouses and factories, through slums. They were dreadful slums, old and crumbling, but they were not the kind of slums I knew. They were not American slums. They had the sour and grimy look of poverty, but they also had an alive-and-kicking look. There were flowering plants on every windowsill, and every back yard, every tiny, angular patch of unpaved ground, was a garden green with lettuce and cabbage and spinach and the last of the season's tomatoes, and every fence or wall was strung with grapevines.

A MAN in a starched white coat came along the aisle, opened the compartment door, and handed out a kind of menu. The Swiss declined his. The Italian took his but didn't look at it. The Germans took theirs, folded them neatly, and put them in their pockets. I took mine and read it with total concentration. It was headed "SERVIZIO RISTORAZIONE." The rest was printed in Italian, French, German, and English versions. The menu in English read:

IN CAR BUFFET-BAR OF THIS TRAIN
Meals at Fixed Prices
Lunch or Dinner
Pasta asciutta
Meat or Poultry
Vegetable-Cheese-Fruit
(Drinks not included)
L. 7.400
Service and taxes included

There followed a long list of drinks of many kinds, with their prices. Coffee was L. 350. Wine (quarter litre) was L. 900. Mineral water (half litre) was L. 500.

I got up and moved out the door. The waiter was headed forward. The Buffet-Bar, then, would be aft. I found it two cars back. It was a standard dining car, with tables for four flanking a center aisle. I was shown to a window seat across from an elderly Italian woman with a thin bun of white hair and thick black eyebrows. We were joined by a bearded Italian in a leather jacket and a tall, blond, thin-lipped German woman of around forty. There was no conversation. This wasn't America. I glanced at the German woman, and she looked instantly away. The other woman sat with her eyes on her plate. She might have been saying grace. The bearded man fidgeted, looking up and down the car, drumming his fingers on the table. The car filled up, was finally full. The performance then began. And it was a performance—a deft, practiced, precision performance.

A waiter rolled a drink cart up the aisle. "*Vino rosso? Bianco? Minerale?*" The two Italians and I chose wine: a quarter-litre bottle of Chianti. The German woman ordered mineral water.

Close behind the drink cart came another. This was the pasta cart. It drew abreast of our table. One, two, three, four—we each received a giant dollop of pasta asciutta. It was shell-shaped macaroni in a thick, hot sauce of garlic and tomato. I ate with appetite and pleasure. The two Italians ate as if famished. The German woman frowned and picked. I still had a couple of bites to go when the next cart appeared. I finished just before my plate was snatched away. Another plate and another dollop—two dollops. One was a chunky veal stew in a rich brown sauce. The other was a giant helping of buttered zucchini. And a big hard roll. My appetite had dulled a little, but I ate again with pleasure. The Italians were still famished. The German woman continued to pick. A measured interval passed. I could see the next cart waiting in the wings. The performance was rising to its climax. I finished my stew, my zucchini, most of my wine. The ultimate cart arrived: a big bowl of fruit (apples, pears, grapes) and little, individual, foil-wrapped discs of Bel Paese. And, for those who wanted it, coffee—tiny cups of *caffè espresso*. The cheese was sweet and creamy. The pear I chose was a perfectly ripened Bosc. The coffee was my first Italian *caffè espresso*, and a revelation. It bore almost no resemblance to American *caffè espresso*. It was like comparing my earlier snack-cart coffee with American coffee-break coffee. I paid my bill (it came to the equivalent of about ten dollars) and went back to my car, my compartment. The aisles were crowded with passengers waiting for the second seating, the second performance. I almost envied them. I would have enjoyed an encore. It had been a bravura production.

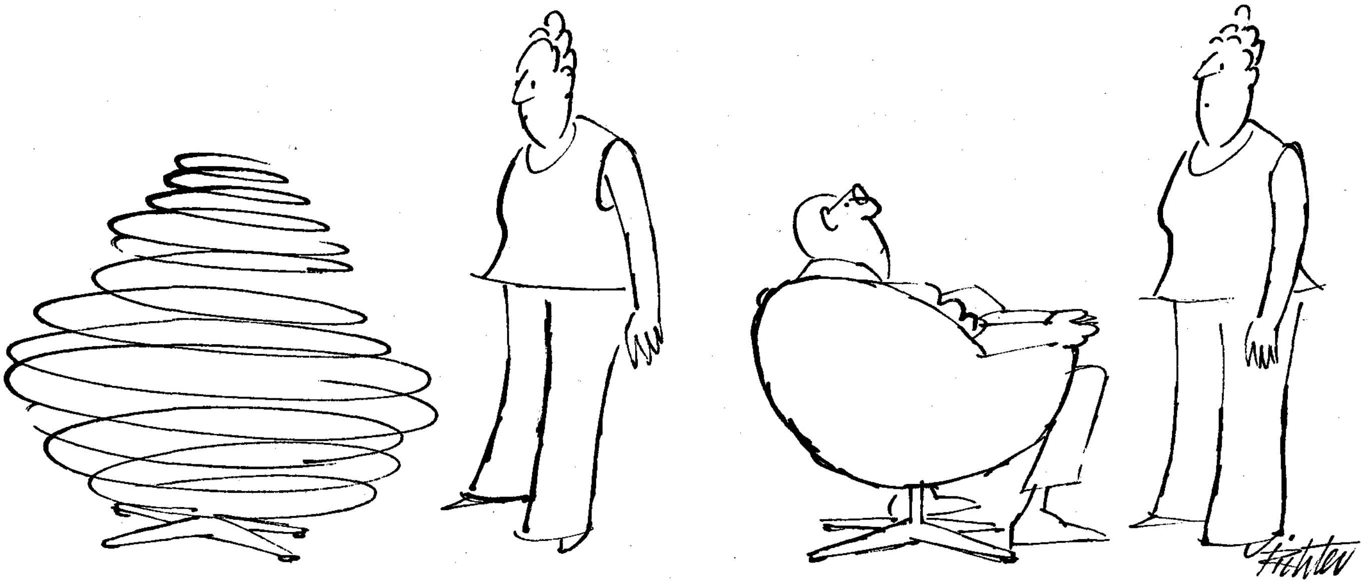
I FOUND the bald-headed Swiss alone in the compartment. The others, apparently, were out to lunch. The Swiss had brought his own. He was eating from a paper bag what looked like a pâté sandwich, and on a little ledge at his elbow were a plastic cup and a half-litre bottle of Beaujolais. We exchanged a companionable smile, a significant nod. We were the originals, the natives, here. The compartment for the moment was ours again. I stretched out in my seat. We were leaving a city, an industrial city: Brescia. And, as usual, there was almost no urban sprawl. There was city, then country—a lovely, soothing countryside of vineyards and cropland, wandering rivers and distant hills, and the often decrepit but always beautiful foursquare pastel farmhouses. I gazed at it in peace and contentment.

HENRY, I'M TALKING TO YOU!

The countryside ended, another city began. We slowed and floated to a stop: Verona. There was a movement in the aisle. The young Italian plunged in, wrestled his luggage off the rack, plunged out and away. Gazing out the window, I saw him emerge onto the platform. There was another surge of movement. He was charged, encircled, embraced by a shrieking young woman, by three small children, by a teen-age girl, by an elderly couple. They herded him triumphantly away.

The Germans came back, smelling of beer. The diary-keeper fell instantly to sleep. The smoker smoked his Marlboros. The countryside briefly returned. Then another city, another station: Vicenza. I sat up. *Vicenza!* The home of Palladio! The treasure trove of Palladian architecture! But all I could see was Track 5. I tensed, and waited. We moved on. I craned this way and that—out my window, out the window on the aisle. It looked like any Italian town. The usual countryside began. There was a hill in the distance, a scattering of trees, a slope of green. There was the suggestion of a building on the summit. It was much too far away to make out. But I saw it clearly in my mind's eye: a stucco façade, a double porch with Ionic and Doric columns, a sculptured pediment, a colonnade. A Palladian villa. A Palladian masterpiece.

THE Germans got off at Padua. The train moved on. The end of a journey is always swift, always sudden. There was another moment of countryside. Then the cranes, the stor-



age tanks, the refineries of Mestre—the industrial fringe of Venice—loomed across the plain. We glided across the causeway (the Austrian bridge, built in 1846 to the outraged cries of Ruskin and other traditionalists) and into the station: the end of the line. I followed the Swiss along the aisle and out to the platform. He stopped there, put down his bags, and extended his hand. He smiled. "*Au revoir.*"

I smiled. "Goodbye." We smilingly shook hands.

He turned away. I lost him in the crowd. I walked up the platform and through the station and out onto the great porch to the long steps leading down to the Grand Canal and the ferries and taxis moored at the quay. I started down. A cowled figure sat on one of the steps. It was a woman with a tragic face and an infant nursing at a long, pale breast. She held out a hand. "*Bambino!*"

I found a couple of hundred-lire coins. She raised her head and smiled. "*Grazie.*"

She couldn't have been past her middle thirties. But she had no upper front teeth, and only one below.

I STOOD at the crowded coffee bar in the Venice railroad station with a cup of *cappuccino*. I had spent three days in Venice, and now I was travelling on, to Florence. I listened to the talk around me, to the high-speed babble of Italian, and wondered why the Italians (and the French) seemed to talk so fast. English by comparison, even English English, was a drawl. Was it race? Was it linguistics? Or was it simply because to me it was a babble? A louder, more urgent babble filled the room from somewhere overhead. I didn't know the language, but I knew the voice. It was the international voice of the loudspeaker—a microphoned announcement. I listened with a touch of anxiety. Was I missing something I should know? I finished my coffee and picked up my bag and went out into the great sun-striped shed that gave on the spread of tracks and platforms. I walked along and found what I wanted: "INFORMAZIONE." I went in and up to a counter. A woman clerk raised her head.

"*Rapido per Firenze?*" I said. I knew I would never again even inwardly smile at someone struggling with English.

"It leaves at eleven-twenty-eight."

"*Binario?*"

"You wish to know the number of the track?"

I said yes.

"That *rapido* has the name Freccia della Laguna—Arrow of the Lagoon. It will be on Track No. 16. It is all seats reserved. You have your *prenotazione?* Your reservation?"

I said I did, and thanked her.

"O.K.," she said.

MY car was a gleaming, spotless coach. There was an off-center aisle, with sections of facing double seats along one side and a row of facing single seats along the other. My seat was one of the tête-à-têtes. The car was quickly filled. Voices were raised, tickets were waved, people were evicted from their seats, the conductor was appealed to, the evictees moved on to evict others, luggage was heaved from rack to rack, cigarettes were lighted, outraged fingers were pointed at no-smoking ideograms. The train made its effortless start and began to move. A fresh-faced man in his middle twenties—jeans, tweed jacket, turtleneck jersey—came down the aisle. His seat was the one facing me. We smiled and nodded. The causeway began. I looked back at the last of Venice. The babble gradually stilled, like a theatre audience waiting for the curtain to rise.

My companion gave me a tentative look. "*Parla inglese?*"

I knew the accent. It was my own.

"Yes," I said. "I speak it all the time."

He almost jumped in his seat. "Hey!" he said. "Terrific! Hey, that's great. I mean, Jesus, I haven't talked to another American, to anybody that really spoke English, in almost two weeks. It was getting so I felt like I couldn't breathe or something. Like I was, you know, all bottled up. Where're you going—Rome? Oh? I thought about Florence, but, Jesus, I've been so many places, and I've got a friend that I think is still in Rome. I'll tell you something. I never knew it was going to be like this. I don't mean I've had any trouble getting along. No problem. I started out in Madrid. Then I flew up to Paris. I've been in Brussels and Munich and—uh, Amsterdam. And Genoa and Milan and Venice. And, you know, everybody at the hotels and the restaurants and all like that, they all speak English. But I haven't had a single conversation—I haven't, like, *talked* to a single soul. And it's a funny thing, I never thought I was any great big talker. I mean, I was never the kind of guy that did all the talking. So this is terrific, I mean meeting you like this. I'm from Philadelphia. Where are you from? Eastern Long Island? I've been out there. My roommate in college's parents had a place out there. It was near Southampton. Is there something called Water Mill? Right, that was it. Hey, how did you like Venice . . ."

IT was almost noon. A steward with gold epaulets on his starched white jacket came along the aisle. There was a hungry stir in the car. My companion took a slip for the first seating. I decided to wait. I had had a late breakfast. And enough talk. I sat and watched the familiar countryside slide past—the plantations of feathery poplars, the endless vineyards, the tidy little apple orchards, the tinted houses. I knew I was seeing only a surface. I knew there was a darker reality. But I saw what I saw, and I saw only beauty and pastoral peace.

THE early lunchers began to drift back. I got up and moved against the tide. If I passed my Philadelphia friend, I didn't see him. The design of the restaurant car was much like that of my coach. There was the same off-center aisle, a row of tables for four, a row of tables for two.

"*Solo?*"

I nodded, and the steward led me to a table occupied by a priest. He gave me a benedictory nod. There was a menu at my place. It was another fixed-price meal. The car was slow to fill up. I had forgotten that the performance began only when every table was taken. I looked at my watch. It was already well past one o'clock, and we were due to arrive at Florence at two-thirty-five. I remembered the courier: "The train is always on time." I sat and waited. The steward strolled by. I caught his eye, and pointed to myself. "Firenze!"

He smiled, and raised a calming hand.

I relaxed for a moment. But my car, with my luggage, was three long cars away. The steward came strolling back. He gave me a fatherly look. Then he turned and spoke what sounded like a parade-ground command. The drinks cart appeared. The steward pointed to a table for four up ahead. "Firenze!" The cart trundled up to that table. The steward pointed again. The cart shot forward. Then it was my turn. The priest looked patiently on. I ordered a half-litre bottle of Chianti. The cart moved along to the next Firenze. The pasta course this time was noodles, creamy with melted butter and topped with freshly grated cheese. The meat was slices of roast veal in a brown sauce, and the vegetable was spinach—the spinach for which Florence is famous. The cheese was again Bel Paese, but this time the waiter cut it from a wheel—a slice almost as big as a slice of cake. My fruit was another Bosc pear. The *caffè espresso* was, as before, two tiny swallows of perfection. I finished and paid my bill. It was five minutes after two. The steward gave me a pleasant smile. It was also an I-told-you-so smile.

We were coming into Florence. I got down my bag and my raincoat. My companion's seat was still empty. I headed down the coach. My companion was standing at the last section of seats, bending over a brown-haired girl in a green suède suit. She was smiling an intoxicating smile. As I came up, she was saying, "Oh, Rome's different. You'll really love Rome. I mean, you really will—"

She looked up and broke off, and he followed her look.

"Hey," he said. "Oh, that's right. You're getting off at Florence. Well, it was real great talking to you."

"I enjoyed it, too," I said.

"Great," he said. "And *ciao*."

MY last meal in Florence was lunch, and I had it at the big, comfortable station *ristoratore* near the Santa Maria Novella. It was a bar-buffet, and a good one. The loudspeaker babbled its urgent babble, but I heard it this time undisturbed. I knew what I needed to know. The *rapido* I was taking on to Rome was again the Freccia della Laguna, and I could see across the sweep of the train shed the empty, waiting track (Binario 12) as I ate. I got my lunch—two sandwiches of thick-sliced baked ham on little round buns—at the buffet (by pointing), and carried it over to a window table. A waiter brought me the usual half litre of Chianti and, later, a *caffè espresso*. When I saw the Freccia della Laguna pull in, I gathered up my things and went unhurriedly aboard. I had, as before, a tête-à-tête seat, and I shared it with an ample woman in her fifties with rimless glasses and a copy of *La Nazione* turned to the crossword puzzle. The section across the aisle was occupied by a French couple with a teenage daughter and a younger son. The father wore bluejeans, the mother smoked Marlboros, and the daughter wore her hair pulled back through a hand-tooled leather ring. The tooling depicted a galloping horseman and the legend "Pony Express: First with the U.S. Mail."

I RESUMED my window-gazing of two or three days before. After the overflowing sidewalks and the death-wish traffic of Florence, I was ready for immersion in another Post-Impressionist countryside. It was a countryside now of rounded hills and steepening vineyards and vivid hilltop silhouettes of cypresses or umbrella pines and an occasional cluster of walls

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Dec. 13	*Bartered Bride-Smetana	2:00	Jan. 3	Lulu-Berg	2:00
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and rooftops surmounted by a campanile. Houses that I took to be trackworkers' houses appeared at intervals of several miles. Each of them had its garden and a terrace in the shade of a grape arbor. They were solid, two-story, square-built stuccoed houses, built for function and endowed with beauty, and as I watched them pass I felt a stir of memory. They made me think, in their practical simplicity, in the instinctive artistry of their design, of the little foursquare, stone-built houses along the Potomac River on the towpath of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, which were built by a tightfisted nineteenth-century capitalism to house the tenders of the locks.

A HIGHWAY swept down from the hills and swung parallel to the railroad tracks. It was the Autostrada del Sole, one of the principal roads that lead to Rome. Traffic by American standards was light, and it looked, even by Italian standards, fast. But it wasn't fast enough. I watched as we overtook each speeding truck, each rushing car—overtook and passed and left far behind. The Freccia della Laguna was truly *rapido*. We could hardly have been moving at less than a hundred miles an hour. I thought of the Long Island Rail Road and the three long, jolting hours it takes to cover the hundred miles from my village of Amagansett to the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

SOMEWHERE south of the aerie hill town of Orvieto, in a rocky pasture bounded by vineyards, I saw a flock of sheep. The sheep were the first livestock I had seen in Italy, and I gave them an interested look. They didn't really look like what I thought of as sheep. They were much too small for sheep; they were lambs. But they were small even for lambs. I watched the flock of tiny creatures out of sight and wondered. A day or two later, in a restaurant in Rome, at the suggestion of my expatriated American friend, I ordered one of the specialties of Roman cuisine, *abbacchio arrosto*—roast leg of baby lamb. It arrived on a little platter—a whole leg of lamb. It was about the size of a chicken leg.

I CAME out of the Termini at Rome and into the immensity of the Piazza dei Cinquecento. I had been blocked and buffeted all the way from the train, and there were a hundred people ahead of me at the official Yellow Taxi stand.

A short young man in a fringed leather jacket fell into step beside me. He gave me a winning smile. "Taxi?"

I looked at him.

"What hotel you go?"

I told him.

"*Buono!*" he said. "Ten thousand lire."

I shook my head.

"Eight thousand."

I shook my head.

He made a gesture of abject capitulation. "Six thousand."

I knew the price was probably still exorbitant. A gypsy cab is never less than exorbitant. But it was getting dark. And there was the almost motionless line at the official stand. I said O.K.

"O.K.," he said. "Now quick." He pointed far across the piazza. "The Mercedes."

We crossed the piazza at a half trot. He opened the trunk of his car and flung in my bag. He moved around and held open the right-rear door. I ducked my head and started in—and felt his hand on my arm. He gently drew me back. He had a slumped, apologetic look.

I said, "What's the matter?"

He slightly turned his head. A tall, young, fierce-looking policeman was standing at his elbow. The driver moved quickly around the car and unloaded my bag. He handed it to me with a shrug.

The policeman stared at him for a long moment. Then he stared at me. He pointed back across the piazza to the taxi stand. "Only the Yellow Taxi," he said. "Only the Yellow." He pointed to the driver. "Not allow!"

The driver stood with his head down. I hoisted my bag and trudged back across the piazza. I joined the line at the taxi stand. I watched the little yellow Fiats come and go. I glanced back toward the Mercedes. It was still there. The policeman had disappeared. I gazed around, and saw a familiar back, a familiar fringed jacket. The driver was coming out of the station, keeping quick step with a heavily laden elderly couple, smiling an ingratiating smile, waving an expressive hand.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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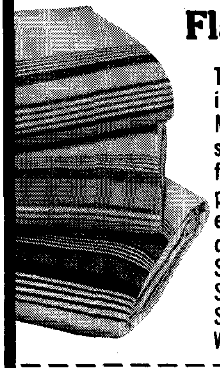
—*Coal Industry News.*

Can tourists watch?



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THE THEATRE

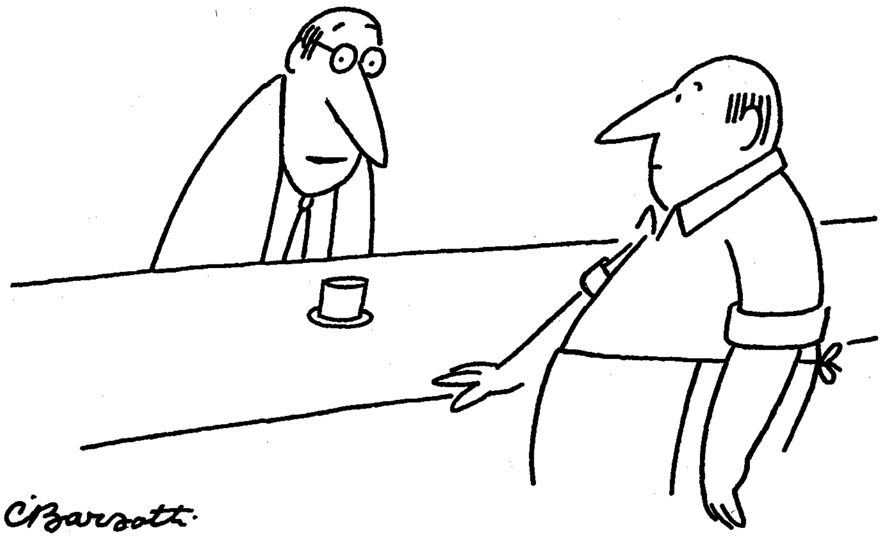
Bargaining with God

PETER SHAFFER is a clever man, and he has written a clever play called "Amadeus," after one of the several names with which the infant Mozart was baptized. When it comes to musical history, I am as ignorant as the dawn; a certain portion of his music aside, I know little more about Mozart than that he was a prodigy, that he enjoyed far less success in his lifetime than he deserved, and that he died young, in extreme poverty. In his play at the Broadhurst, Mr. Shaffer is presumably sticking close to the accepted facts about Mozart's life—or, rather, isn't inventing anything that is flagrantly at odds with the accepted facts—when he bases his ingenious toy of a plot on a rivalry between Mozart and Antonio Salieri, a prominent musician at the court of Joseph II, the Holy Roman Emperor. The place is Vienna, the time is the second-to-last decade of the eighteenth century, and it is Salieri and not Mozart who occupies the center of the stage and whose mind we are invited to enter—though not by the shortest possible route. For Shaffer rejoices to introduce tricks into his brainy, thriller-like plays, and the more theatrical the tricks are, the better he likes them. In the opening scene of "Amadeus," an aged, half-crazed, and soon-to-die Salieri lies slumped in a wheelchair, begging to be forgiven for some dire offense that he once committed against Mozart. Poor Mozart has been long in his grave; is it possible that it was Salieri who put him there? A recurrent rumor in Vienna holds that Salieri poisoned Mozart (we see a small army of gossips strolling about behind a scrim, and we hear them whispering louder and louder the dread word "Poisoned!"), but perhaps Salieri's offense was to destroy Mozart not by poisoning him but, more insidiously, by preventing him from obtaining a secure place at court. Salieri stumbles up out of his wheelchair and begins to harangue the audience—"ghosts of the future," he calls us—then suddenly casts off both his soiled clothes and his senility and becomes in an instant a handsome young member of the Emperor's retinue. Talk about *coups de théâtre!*

The hinge upon which the action of the play turns is a bargain that Salieri, as a peasant boy in his native Italy, sought to strike with God: if God would make him a great composer, then Salieri, for his part, would be chaste and devout and would see to it that his talent served only the loftiest purposes. The bargain appeared to be working very well until Mozart turned up in Vienna and proved to be incomparably more gifted than Salieri. To make matters worse, Mozart was an empty-headed young lout, foul-mouthed, smutty-minded, and sexually perverse. How could God have chosen such a conduit for the most exquisite melodies ever heard on earth? Indignantly, Salieri cursed God and vowed to block his intentions in regard to the vile and sublime upstart. He would do injury to Mozart not out of anything so commonplace as envy (though the envy was there, and he ached and trembled with it) but out of a determination to rebuke God's injustice. We perceive that the contest between Salieri and God isn't an equal one, yet Shaffer makes it continuously interesting (as Milton did with the help of a very different protagonist), and it is genuinely touching to observe Mozart, unwitting pawn of two such adversaries, rapidly declining into illness, family troubles, and ruinous debt.

The cast of "Amadeus" is a large one, but only Salieri and Mozart can be said to matter very much; as if by calculation, Shaffer has permitted the Emperor and his courtiers to be little more than conventional puppets, uttering the same sentiments over and over, and he has omitted certain historical figures—among them Leopold Mozart and Haydn—who might well have been expected to put in at least token appearances. Ian McKellen, who has perhaps not yet grown tired of being described as one of the most talented actors alive, is a superb Salieri, and a young actor named Tim Curry is formidably impressive as Mozart. Jane Seymour is lively and lovable as Mozart's wife, and Nicholas Kepros is suitably kingly-stuffy as Joseph II. The richly bedight setting of the play is by John Bury, the "associate" designer of the costumes (whatever that may mean) is John David Ridge, the "associate" lighting designer is Beverly Emmons, and the immaculate direction is by Peter Hall.

IBSEN'S "John Gabriel Borkman" has come to the Circle in the Square, starring Rosemary Murphy, Irene Worth, and E. G. Marshall, and directed by Austin Pendleton. It is a curious work, which begins very crisply and confidently and then grows steadily more diffuse and uncertain. It was Ibsen's penultimate play, written when he was in his late sixties, and its passages of alternating strength and weakness are surely related to his age and to the impatience felt by so many artists toward the end of their careers at having to bring to formal completion a work that in an unfinished, emerging state seems to come closer to their first intentions. Moreover, Ibsen is plainly seeking to increase the range of the realistic theatre that he did so much to bring into existence. The first three acts of "John Gabriel Borkman" take place in a characteristic Ibsen setting—the suffocating interiors of a



"I suppose I shouldn't complain, John. I was a new broom myself once."

house in the Norwegian countryside. In the fourth and final act, the three chief figures find themselves outside the house, at night, in the cold and snow—and what a difference for them inside and outside! In the final scene, the hero slips away to death on a high mountaintop, not yet having settled his lifelong quarrel with the world. There is much of Ibsen in the dying Borkman, and one senses what courage it must have taken for the playwright to furnish his hero with so bleak an end. Nobody in the play is granted the boon of a more than temporary happiness. Even the young son of the household, who escapes the prison of family life by running off with an older woman, is told by her that she will someday be finished with him and he with her; she warns him that he had better take care to have another woman waiting when the time for parting comes.

Mr. Pendleton and his three stars struggle valiantly to outwit the structural difficulties of the play; I'm sorry to say that they get very little help from anyone else in the cast except Richard Kuss, as a failed poet. Still, this production is already worth seeing, and will no doubt improve as the run continues. The scenery is by Andrew Jackness, the costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and the lighting is by Paul Gallo.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Lindsay's Night

"TWELFTH NIGHT," which opened last week at the Circle Repertory, under the direction of the dramatist David Mamet, is deliberately informal and moves briskly from beginning to end. Every moment is clear—which takes some doing—and the preposterous story, called by Wolcott Gibbs "as irritating as a raspberry seed in a back tooth," becomes acceptable (or is easily ignored), in spite of the pun-cluttered dialogue, which impressed Mr. G. as "a torment to all but the exceptionally devout." Devout or not, I've always found the play a moonstruck and enchanting blend of friskiness and beauty, with credibility the last thing on its mind. There is no skimping (God knows) on the friskiness in this production, but what remains in the memory is the beauty and gravity and humor and mischief of Lindsay Crouse's Viola, who sets the tone of the best of the evening; without ever declaiming, Miss Crouse speaks her poetry—some of the loveliest of Shakespeare's poetry—as easily as breathing, never slighting its music or emotion or force. Even the most familiar of the set pieces—"Make me a willow cabin at your gate" and "My father had a daughter lov'd a man"—sound freshly minted. Her young, ardent Viola is the best I've ever seen (and I start with Jane Cowl), and so is the funny, lyric Feste of Colin Stinton. Stuck with much of that tormenting dialogue, he somehow makes it sound witty, and his voice and speech are worthy of the haunting songs he sings. His "Hey, ho, the wind and the rain," at the end, after all the shenanigans, with the entire cast behind him, is surprisingly moving.

Miss Crouse and Mr. Stinton are totally at home in Shakespeare. The same cannot be said for that entire cast. Although Marcell Rosenblatt's slyboots Maria is funny and in keeping, the other performances vary from the barely acceptable to the terrible. The Malvolio of Marshall W. Mason, the artistic director of the Circle Rep, is so limp and unsure (or was on the evening I was there) that it is impossible to summon up any pity for the character as the victim of a cruel practical joke—much less any laughter. The shenanigans get damned trying.

The scenery, by Fred Kolouch, is spare and unobtrusive. The costumes, by Clifford Capone, while becoming enough, look like a kind of come-as-you-are masquerade. Miss Crouse, disguised as a boy, wears the customary Shakespearean doublet and hose (I guess); Mr. Stinton wears slacks and a sweater. The other women are in what is usually called "period" dress, but of what period I cannot tell you; as for the other men, there's a hunting cap here, a riding habit there—that sort of thing. Yet even the clothes are appropriate, in their way, to Mr. Mamet's unconventional yet never slapdash production, which makes not the slightest attempt to be British.

—Edith Oliver

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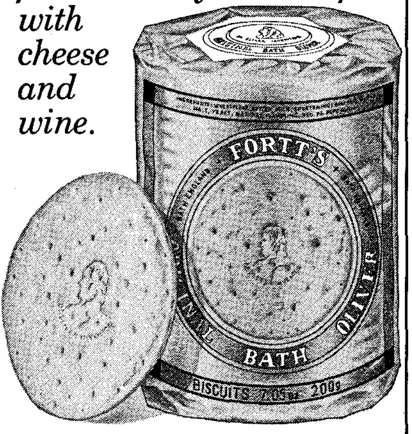
New York (UPI)—The Port Authority's executive director yesterday rejected a suggestion that money from the sale of the World Trade Center be used for the city's mass transit system.

"You're asking a fish to swim underwater. You'll drown the fish," executive director Peter Goldmark told a state committee hearing on the agency and the city's mass transit needs.—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

Whereupon they adjourned for lunch.



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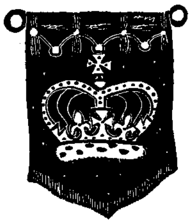
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 16

THE West End streets look cheerfully full of money and of hurrying Christmas shoppers intent on making the stuff fly as usual, though some of the stores are said to be doing badly this season. There never was a time when Disraeli's line about England's two nations seemed truer, only his division of the privileged and the people is updated into the enormous chasm separating London and the relatively prosperous south from the stricken Midlands and north, where bitter disillusionment with Mrs. Thatcher's Government grows. It is a measure of how little the inhabitants of one world know about what is going on in the other that some of the newly unemployed school-leavers in badly hit areas to the north have reportedly been trekking down here like young Dick Whittingtons, in the hopeful belief—speedily found overoptimistic—that jobs grow on pavements within sound of Bow Bells. The arguments are raging in and out of Parliament between those of Mrs. Thatcher's supporters who stick doggedly to the belief that the violent change of direction she has administered to the economy is right, if painful, and those in every party who think that the Government's inflexible, doctrinal money policies have plunged Britain deep into slump and misery. On the credit side, people are cheered that inflation is dropping sharply, as prophesied, and that the winter has so far not been bedevilled by strikes—averted, to be sure, by anxiety about jobs and by some pay settlements higher than the very top level that the Government firmly announced for the public services a while back, as other unions in the queue will undoubtedly have taken note. With so much criticism, nervous or downright hostile, pelting in on her from many sides, the Prime Minister shows no public sign of having heard.

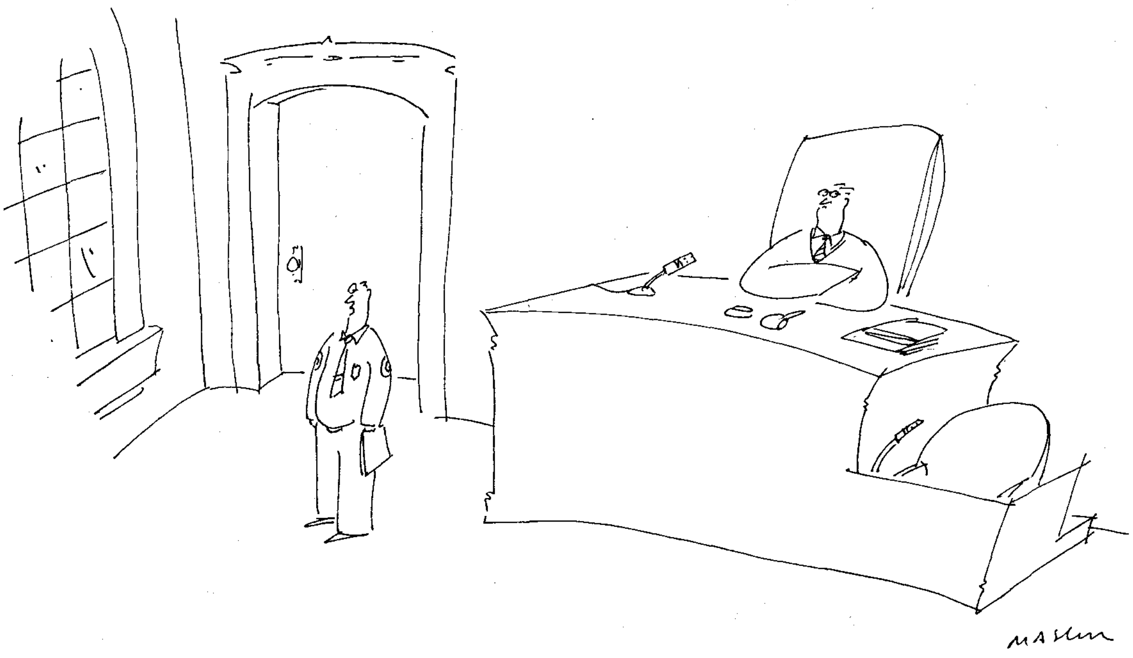


It is certainly Thatcher luck at this hard-pressed moment that the Labour Party has not been showing up as an impressive alternative Government ever since its annual conference in Blackpool in October ran wild and leftward off the rails, voting for withdrawal from Europe; unilateral nuclear disarmament; more power to the rank and file, instead of leaving everything to that bunch of M.P.s in Westminster; no freedom of educational choice outside state schools; and other explosively controversial measures. Michael Foot, the unexpected new leader, is a fervent anti-European and unilateral nuclear disarmer—views that would certainly scare off very many moderate voters in the next general election but might attract the large section of the country that detests the European Economic Community, and the young, who are for making love, not war. There is much affection for him in all parties, but the idea of his being a possible tenant of Downing Street aroused the serious political editorial writers to a frenzy of Cassandra-like predictions. To complete the public's picture of incomprehensible chaos in the Labour Party, Mr. Foot's fellow-M.P.s, having elected him as the magnetic left-wing candidate who would best unite all the Party's remarkably disunited elements, went on to vote for a so-called Shadow Cabinet from which they firmly excluded most of the left-wingers. From the largely right-wing choice remaining, Mr. Foot has now assembled his team. If he is one day in a position to pick a real Cabinet, he may be close on seventy—a strange thought for those who still view him as a perennially youthful firebrand. He is now a rather frail-looking sixty-seven who, since he had his streaming snowy locks cut and took to noticeably more conservative dress for his new role, is likely to strike many citizens regarding him thoughtfully on TV as a distinguished academic type rather than as a potential national leader.

The result of the Presidential election coincided with the Foot victory, and one would say that the local contest aroused more emotion. In spite of the media's exceptionally thorough explaining of the campaign, Governor Reagan remained still largely unknown, but President Carter had come to seem only too worryingly known to many ordinary British, so enthusiasm and disappointment cancelled each other out. To judge from what people are saying, they feel rather drawn toward the President-elect while waiting anxiously to find out what Europe will hear from the White House in the dangerous uncertainties of the new year.

THE Aldwych Theatre box office is being daily besieged by people hoping against hope for returned tickets to the Royal Shakespeare Company's marvellous, gargantuan "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," which was first produced in June, for eight weeks only, and has now come back—far too briefly for the disconsolate unsuccessful ones—as a Christmas present to London. If the Royal Shakespeare liked, and if it were not a lively repertory company that must keep its sights perpetually trained ahead on other, perhaps riskier experiments to show off its actors, the production could certainly run for years. The adaptation, by David Edgar, is a wonderfully affectionate and inventive weaving of Dickens' teeming characters and the bewildering ramifications of his plots and subplots into a strong narrative, without a clumsy join anywhere. Passionate Dickensians may have been on the alert for any tampering with the sacred writ of such famous passages as Mr. Squeers' lesson in practical philosophy to the wretched inmates of Dotheboys Hall, or the musings of Mr. Vincent Crummles on the theatrical lineage of his pony, or the evening party at the Kenwigs' at which the beauteous Miss Petowker, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, recites "The Blood-Drinker's Burial" and fatally captivates Mrs. Kenwig's tax-collector uncle. But it is all faithfully there—every least word of it. The show spills over into two halves, given on separate evenings except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the two-o'clock-matinée audience sprints out at six to have a bite and a drink, sprints back at seven, as though keeping a date with Wagner, and finally stumbles out, exhilarated and moist around the eye, at eleven-thirty.

It is not so much a theatrical production as a community immersion. The customers are pulled into it at the start by the masterly design of John Napier and Dermot Hayes, who have transformed the uncurtained stage into something resembling the deck of a ramshackle ship, surrounded by dark tiered galleries. While the house is filling up, the actors come strolling down into the auditorium from every shadowy nook and cranny, pausing in the aisles to chat and laugh with surprised members of the audience (who have got the sociable idea and enjoy it



"This court, featuring the unique judicial stylings of the Honorable Jay Rallwell, is now in session."

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when it is repeated in the intermissions). Then the company tears back to the stage to mass into a huge group that proceeds—each player speaking a line or so—to fire off, in crackling third-person narrative, the sad past history of the Nickleby family, which has landed young Nicholas and his mother and sister Kate in London, about to throw themselves trustingly on the mercy of the wicked rich Uncle Ralph Nickleby. The directors, Trevor Nunn and John Caird, use the device brilliantly throughout by having characters suddenly step out of the story to rattle off the next connecting link and send it spinning on its way. The speed and the technical improvisation are dazzling. The big set pieces, such as the hilarious punch-up dinner for Miss Snevellicci's Ma and Pa, are trundled on and off, mounted on flats, but mostly the scenic effects are conjured up on the all but empty stage by a sort of Brechtian sleight of hand. Nicholas catches the coach to Yorkshire and the Squeers' establishment when somebody piles a few chairs together, the passengers climb aboard, the guard tootles the horn—and off it spanks, almost as large as life. Villainous Sir Mulberry Hawk steps into his invisible cabriolet, swears at the groom hanging onto the heads of the rearing invisible horses, and slashes the pursuing Nicholas with his whip before his equipage clatters offstage—all wonderfully made solid out of thin air. With the exception of Roger Rees, who plays Nicholas, and David Threlfall, magnificent as the shambling boy Smike, the forty-odd actors take double, and even triple, roles, and perform so superbly that the critics lamented their inability to single out more than a few performances. Roger Rees holds the whole thing together delightfully by seeming the perfect, natural Dickens hero—a warmhearted, impetuous, quick-on-the-draw young man. He looks astonishingly like Nicholas in the original illustrations of the novel. The big emotional center of the play is his passionate championship of Smike and Smike's worship of him as a sudden, blinding revelation of loving-kindness in a cruel world. The pair trudge through their adventures like a knight errant and his faithful, limping squire, who finally overcome their enemies and break our hearts on the way—though the pathos comes over with a brisk absence (and this is the great triumph of everyone concerned) of the sentimentality that plagues some Dickens readers. "Nicholas Nickleby" seems worth reporting on at such length, for it marks an extraordinary new art form in the London theatre. It sets the Royal Shakespeare Company still more firmly at the top, and has enormously lifted people's spirits, too, at a time when they need it. How Boz would love it!

THE big winter show at the Victoria and Albert Museum, called "Princely Magnificence," is an elegantly arranged, scholarly, and stunning exhibition of Renaissance court jewelry, lent by royalties, museums, and private collectors all over Europe. The layout is a dark cave glittering with double-sided glass cases, so that after one has marvelled at the craftsmanship of the pieces one can go around and admire their always exquisitely finished backs. As a fascinating social-history footnote, there are portraits of monarchs and courtiers wearing similar—or, sometimes, the actual—jewels shown here. A portrait from the royal collection at Hampton Court is of Margaret of Austria, the wife of Philip of Spain—a long-nosed lady looking out of a sort of carapace of rich dress goods stiff with marvellous gems, of which the most riveting to visitors is certainly the colossal pear-shaped pearl called the Peregrina, which was presented in more recent history to Elizabeth Taylor by Richard Burton. Among the famous romantic exhibits, many seldom seen, the superb Drake Jewel, concealing a miniature of Elizabeth I, who probably gave it to Sir Francis after the Armada defeat, neighbors the rubicund portrait, by Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger, of him wearing it. The most evocative of all, though, is the everyday stock of (it is thought) some Jacobean jeweller—a hoard of pretty gewgaws, like a catalogue of the fashionable tastes of the day, which lay holed up where it had been hidden in Cheapside, perhaps to save it from some catastrophe, until it was unearthed when a house near St. Paul's was pulled down in 1912.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Washington* (*N.C.*) *Daily News*]

MAKE YOUR FUNERAL
PLANS BEFORE DEATH

DANCING

Split Week

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE, Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. The repertory for this first season under the artistic direction of Mikhail Baryshnikov seems designed according to the old Ballet Theatre principles of selection, which Lucius Beebe defined in the souvenir program of the inaugural season, in 1940: "The best that is traditional, the best that is contemporary and, inevitably, the best that is controversial." The opening week's bills include an unusual proportion of modern classics; then come "Giselle," "Bayadère," and "Nutcracker." Baryshnikov has staged an abbreviated "Raymonda," scheduled for the second night. But his hand is evident from the start.

Opening night, December 10. None of the ballets on the program would be there without Baryshnikov. Ashton's "Les Rendezvous" and Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son" are his acquisitions, as is the fragment of Kirov Petipa called "Pas d'Esclave." Twyla Tharp's "Push Comes to Shove" was created for him five years ago; it's the only piece he dances in tonight. The evening was to have featured Gelsey Kirkland's return to the company after a year's leave. But a correction slip in the program informs the audience that Kirkland and Patrick Bissell, who was to have been her partner in the "Pas d'Esclave," will not appear. They were in fact fired the day before by Herman Krawitz, executive director of the Ballet Theatre Foundation, for being "chronically late and chronically absent" from rehearsals.

There is no question that the dismissals cast a pall. Marianna Tcherkassky dances competently, if colorlessly, in "Les Rendezvous." The role, made for Alicia Markova, seems especially well suited to Kirkland's fine-lined lyricism and brio. Nevertheless, the ballet is a success in this, its first American production. "Les Rendezvous" is one of four Ashton works that survive from the thirties. Its form—a suite of lighthearted classical dances—puts it closer to "Les Patineurs" than to "Façade" or "A Wedding Bouquet," but it has in common with the last piece an ineffable English aura. Ashton's stylish young people meeting and cavorting in a park and William Chappell's set of green lawn and white grillwork are perfectly united; together they retain the peculiar "Regency" flavor of English town fashions in the twenties and early thirties. "Les Rendezvous" is an urban frolic. The women, in their frothy beribboned party dresses and long white gloves, look like English debs; with their escorts they seem at times to be engaging in an obscure social ritual. The manners of the piece, whether formal or colloquial, are thick with intrigue. (I imagine that Balanchine's "Cotillon," made the previous year, was like this, too.) When the men do a Spanish dance all by themselves, or when they pair off to lift the women prone and rock them, the social texture of the piece is at its thickest. Four younger girls go about in a group, more sedate relatives of the Mayfair sillies in "Façade." In classical terms, they're "attendants to the scene;" at the end, when everyone leaves through the high gate, they stay behind to give us Ashton's signature finis—the antic flip of the palms that says "So goes the world." No doubt Ashton and Chappell intended nothing more than a classical ballet in Balletland, but as a memento of the "white" thirties the piece seems not only specifically English but fateful as well—a literal evocation of Cyril Connolly's condemned playground.

The American cast does no more to capture meanings of this sort than the dancers of the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet whom I saw do the piece a year ago; any cast has all it can handle in the execution of the dances. In the ballerina's principal variation, Ashton seems to define his personal vision of feminine classical style. The choreography is full of unexpected and contradictory details. She pirouettes to a stop, then immediately whirls to a different stop. As in Royal Ballet dancing to this day, we notice crisp épaulé address, elaborately shaped arms, flourishing wrists and hands. The mid-body is vigorous but quiet. In the lower body, the emphasis on elegant extremities recurs: the instep is quicker than the thigh. For all the dancers, Ashton has devised a "Rendezvous" walk on toe with the torso twisting from side to side and the hands crossed high above the head. And in a pas de trois for a girl and two boys he invents the ultimate instep dance; its leitmotiv is pas de cheval done around and around the stage, alternating with hops in arabesque and small beaten steps. It is all set in a single rapid tempo, and it must be the most difficult-to-sustain number in the ballet. Rebecca Wright, Warren Conover, and Peter Fonseca are a capable trio. I disagree with the casting of Danilo Radojevic in the leading male role. Stanislas Idzikowski, who originated it, was a demi-caractère stylist. The tendency today in demi-caractère roles is to cast the less polished classical dancers. This defeats the expressive purpose of the category. The colors in demi-caractère dancing come about through emphasis on the part of the dancer, not through slurred and incorrect form. The Sadler's Wells cast David Ashmole, whose dancing was clean but not very strong. Radojevic is strong but coarse. The compromise, if there must be one, is in the wrong direction.

By coincidence, the music for "Les Rendezvous" is the ballet music from an opera by Auber—"L'Enfant Prodigue." The A.B.T. "Prodigal Son" is a replica of New York City Ballet's current production except that rescaled backcloths have been substituted for N.Y.C.B.'s small (and shabby) ones and the dance of the two Servants has been restored. "The Prodigal Son" has always been a great piece, but it needs a dancer who can act. Dancers as powerful as Edward Villella and Baryshnikov have needed to be extra-powerful actors in order to hold their spell during the long mime scenes. Even so, a portion of the audience was always audibly disappointed when the Son wasn't dancing. Tonight, young Robert La Fosse, making his début, does well as a dancer. He has the natural elevation for the two high leaps in the first scene. In the seduction scene, he projects a calflike innocence. But when it comes to the Son's degradation and return home he can't act at all. Everything he does looks memorized. I think young dancers have a problem understanding what the Son is guilty of and why he must suffer; he seems overpunished for a little mild rebellion. And if the Siren also humiliates him—well, isn't it all a bit masochistic? Cynthia Gregory, tonight's Siren, is about as stony and venomous a torturess as the ballet can ever have seen. Her slow, insulting way of moving her thighs in ballonné, her condescending pinpoint balances make the heart quail. The male corps of dithering goons is very good, too. (Was it Balanchine's comment on the homoeroticism of the Diaghilev company?) Derogatoriness, obscenity of every description, is one of the two great driving forces behind the ballet; the other is the belief in forgiveness and salvation. They are tandem forces, each indispensable to the other. In spite of La Fosse's blankness, the orgy and the despoilment are effective. But the rest of the ballet is glazed over. Two glazed Sisters greet the Prodigal's return; a glazed Father receives him. Prokofiev's great score must carry the final scenes alone.

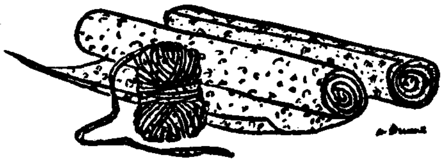
"Pas d'Esclave," a harem-trouser number from the first act of the Kirov's "Corsaire," contains nothing we haven't seen before in this line, and it is attached to harrowingly stilted music by one Prince Oldenburg. (The dance was originally a novelty interpolated by Petipa into the first Russian production of Mazilier's ballet, in 1858.) Hearty performing is needed to save it. Alexander Godunov is still wandering in his wilderness. He is appreciably a better dancer than he was a year ago, but he still looks as if he might give it all up to play the guitar. Susan Jaffe, a new corps-de-ballet dancer from Bethesda, Maryland, has the long, finely tempered body and easy extension that this kind of Soviet ballet exotica seems intended for, but she does not, in this hastily scheduled début, project much more than a wooden bravura. The dance concerns Gulnare, a slave sold at auction. She dances the whole entrée with her head and shoulders swathed in a veil. Russians do love their veil dances. Whether they have loved steps well enough to preserve them for over a hundred years seems doubtful.

In "Push Comes to Shove" ("the best that is controversial"), I cannot take my eyes off Baryshnikov. He's thinner than when I last saw him, and has renewed himself. He keeps you from seeing what he is going to do next, and when he does it he is completely satisfying. The ballet's last movement has been revised to include more business with the derby hats, and Baryshnikov's role has been retimed to look even wilder and more ad lib than it used to. The changes were supervised by Twyla Tharp. They are not departures but intensifiers—like the repainting of Bakst's "Scheherazade" in exaggerated colors which was said to have been necessary to match the public's memory of it. After Baryshnikov, the funniest performer on the stage is Kristine Elliott, normally a stolid, even an opaque dancer. Here she dances stolidly on purpose and becomes a deadpan comedienne.

DECEMBER 11. Another insert in the program, this time to announce the dedication of the evening's performance to John Lennon, "whose music will always be a part of our lives."

"Les Sylphides" has Elliott in the Waltz, Cynthia Harvey in the Prelude, and Cheryl Yeager in the Mazurka. Harvey does the pas de deux with Baryshnikov, who is dancing this role for the first time in the West. Except for him, it's Ballet Theatre's usual sleepy "Sylphides." Although the dancers have been recoached in their parts, they haven't been weaned from their underenergized style; because of Baryshnikov's superb energy, it looks more intractable than ever. A.B.T.'s "Sylphides" has been a tradition for forty years; it can only change gradually, as a result of stylistic changes in the company at large.

"Rodeo" comes on strong. The blood-red corral is an eyesore, the cowboy hats and splotched jeans look seedy (and too much like life), and the jokes weigh a ton. The ballet is so good-natured and clever it deserves freshening up, but it's hardly the national treasure that it was claimed to be a generation ago. "Rodeo" is folk art of a modest stripe. People still speculate on how much of it may have come out of "Billy the Kid;" does anyone speculate on how much of "Annie Get Your Gun" may have come out of "Rodeo"? De Mille's expert storytelling has one flaw—the lack of a climax that would show the heroine's inner conversion from tomboy to sweetheart. All we get is the outer one. And as soon as we get it the focus switches away from her to the Champion Roper and his sexy tap-dancing. For all her heavy clowning, Jolinda Menendez is a likably kinetic Cowgirl. When her bronco bucks, she gets her knees and elbows flapping like loose hinges. Kevin McKenzie makes a lanky and charming Champion Roper, and his tap technique is more than passable. The Saturday Night social dances in "Rodeo" place it in the ragtime era. This is the civilized Old West of living memory; civilization is, in fact, the ballet's subject. Copland's score is a bit overconfident; it's surprising how many times it dissolves into pure emotion or into pure pit-piano exuberance. There's a minute or two when the orchestra plays a rag at top speed under its breath while Saturday Night vignettes unfold on the stage. Copland and de Mille collaborate marvellously in these intimate moments, and in other ways as well. When de Mille attempts something different—a hollering and stomping square dance that is "outside time"—Copland is silent, and the episode expands into an epic moment.



"Raymonda" is feasible only in suite form. Petipa complained privately of Glazunov's "phlegmatic talent," and he never again collaborated with the composer on a full-length ballet. Baryshnikov's suite is a loose-leaf collection of dances, some from Act II, most from Act III. Santo Loquasto's court scene is backed by a Moorish grille and lit by suspended candelabra; against this décor his three different sets of sparkling white costumes precisely suggest the ballet's atmosphere, its mixture of sugary fantasy and gloom. The dancing begins moodily, with the Act II pas de deux, and goes straight on to the third-act wedding dances. The choreography is Kirov-inspired. The folk dances are vodka, but too much ice water has got into the adagios. In addition to her third-act "balalaika" solo, the ballerina has one of the second-act variations; of the less familiar numbers in this assortment, it has the best steps. Martine van Hamel was the company's grandest Raymonda a few years ago, when Nureyev's production was being performed, and she is grand again but slightly overanimated at times, as if to make up for the vacuity of the choreography. As Jean de Brienne, Godunov wears a minuscule bandeau with his back hair hanging stiff as a snood—stiffer, since it doesn't move even when he turns.

DECEMBER 12, matinée. Baryshnikov's Prodigal Son, as anyone who saw his television performance will remember, is one of his finest creations. Today, he overplays a little the Son's suffering and homecoming, as if demonstrating point by point the content of these scenes. And his matted wet hair and dirt-smeared body suggest that he has crawled through slime to reach his father's gate. Van Hamel is a predictably voluptuous Siren;

what wasn't so predictable, perhaps, is the wit with which she informs every gesture. She's as lacquered as Gregory but not as cold. When she winds her velvet train around her thighs and through her crotch, then flips the rest over one arm and poses like a Chanel model, one wants to laugh. Everything the Siren does is absurd on a level so high it becomes awesome, and she switches from one thing to another in a flash. After the mannequin strut, she drops to her knees and beats her chest, her back, her chest; the anguish of centuries wails through her. In the mutually manipulative erotic pas de deux with the Prodigal, she turns herself several times into objects. And, of course, she's the figurehead in the ingenious "boat" scene. Through all this, van Hamel is vividly alive and female; when she folds her leg around the Prodigal's waist she's as happy as a pythoness with a lion cub. And Baryshnikov gazes up at her, happy and dazed. He thinks she's the most beautiful thing on earth.

"Interplay." Neither a fresh-looking production nor an especially keen performance. Yet Robbins' sense of form is so exposed that the ballet carries anyway. Baryshnikov is right to keep it in.

"Rodeo" with Ruth Mayer as a much too sophisticated Cowgirl. Mayer gives the impression that she's wearing Calvin Klein jeans. With La Fosse as a young and simple Champion Roper she doesn't appear to have a thing in common. This is a dude-ranch "Rodeo."

December 12, evening. La Fosse in "Prodigal" is better, more attentive to his musical cues in the mime episodes. Crawling away from the scene of his downfall, he pauses and stares out at us like Michelangelo's Damned Soul. Gregory is unwaveringly even, and Joseph Carman and Charles Maple are impeccably salacious as the Servants.

I get through to the second layer of "Les Rendezvous," watching it more as pure dance, less as a reflection of its time and place. On this plane, it isn't as absorbing as the later "Les Patineurs;" its formal structure isn't as sound, or continually evolving. The choreography for the ballerina (Tchernicheva) includes two series of inside pirouettes opening to arabesque—the step that Merrill Ashley does as doubles in "Ballo della Regina." Leslie Browne, Gregory Osborne, and Ronald Perry are a sharp pleasure cantering through the park in their pas de trois.

"The Moor's Pavane." Godunov with his hair sprayed dark, McKenzie as the Friend, van Hamel as his wife, and Gregory as Desdemona. All for naught. My eye keeps drawing small boxes around the quartet, trying to place it in its rightful space. The stages at Connecticut College, Jacob's Pillow, Hunter College, and the 92nd Street Y (all stages on which I can recall seeing this work in years past) more accurately represent that space than the opera-house stages where it is usually seen nowadays, or thought to be seen. All one *sees* is big costumes changing places, with now and then a leg sticking out.

A big event in tonight's "Raymonda": Magali Messac, who led the Grand Pas Hongroise in the first performance, makes her début as the ballerina. Messac is a French dancer who a few years ago left the Hamburg State Opera for the Pennsylvania Ballet, where Baryshnikov saw her. This is her first season with Ballet Theatre and her first big A.B.T. part. I hope to see her often. Messac's style revives the lost art of the great European ballerinas of twenty and thirty years ago. It's prudent and subtle and has a completely individual transparency and glow. The years at the Pennsylvania Ballet have made her technically more expansive; she dances in the right scale for the A.B.T. dancers around her and in a complementary style, and her Raymonda takes on an enchanting Old World lustre. Her partner is Ross Stretton, replacing Victor Barbee at short notice. Stretton is the tall, thin young man who just a few weeks ago was all over the Joffrey repertory, trying to find himself. At Ballet Theatre, he'll presumably dance the classical roles he seems more suited to. Tonight, he functions mostly as Messac's partner; lack of rehearsal time has forced him to leave out his variation.

New York City Ballet, Lincoln Center. "The Nutcracker," December 13. The biggest dance moments are the Waltz of the Snowflakes at the end of Act I and the Waltz of the Flowers and the pas de deux, which form the climax of Act II. Balanchine's production was first staged in 1954, and his style in the Snowflakes waltz is classic Maryinsky style with steps that he doesn't use much anymore, such as those romping sautés that go one way with third-arabesque arms that go another. The Waltz of the Flowers is also filled with eighteen-nineties-style conceits; the odd thing is that it doesn't also look 1954—it looks utterly contemporary. Maybe the changes in company style over the years have been more easy to incorporate in its spaciousness and sweep than in the more compacted figures of Snowflakes. (That Flowers is a transcendent masterpiece of composition may also have something to do with it.)

Darci Kistler may be the youngest Dewdrop to lead Flowers. Tonight, she shoots through the line of girls like a hare. Her lean legs and brittle assurance bring flashes of the role's originator, Tanaquil LeClercq. Heather Watts, one of our better Dewdrops, makes her début as the Sugar Plum Fairy—not a very auspicious one. The solo is neat but flat, and, in spite of Peter Martins as the cavalier, the adagio lacks drama. But most of the company's ballerinas give offish performances as Sugar Plum. This role, like Snowflakes, bears the imprint of the fifties. More specifically, it bears the imprint of Maria Tallchief. Kyra Nichols is the first in a very long series to recapture fully the wide dynamics, chiselled épaulement, steady aplomb, and delicate musical accents that characterize the role. She even looks a little like Tallchief.

December 14, matinée. It's Kistler's turn as Sugar Plum. She gives the steps of the variation an unusual clarity but doesn't quite absorb their eccentricity. Ib Andersen is her partner, and the adagio goes smoothly except for the one of the shoulder lifts. Then the balances crumble. Kistler recovers admirably, winningly. But the final plunges are a shade too perilous. Nichols as a crystalline Dewdrop dominates the performance. Here she looks like no one but herself. She has a special way of giving multiple pirouettes a slight renversé finish, so that the spiral peaks, then curls.

December 14, evening. Suzanne Farrell, who could not be less suited to the syntax of this choreography, nevertheless surmounts it by reason of her superb timing, her personal grandeur, and her instinctive reliance on a great partner, Peter Martins. Watts is a buoyant Dewdrop. I must mention also Maria Calegari's fine début in this role last week and lay plans to catch her Sugar Plum before the calendar turns.

—Arlene Croce

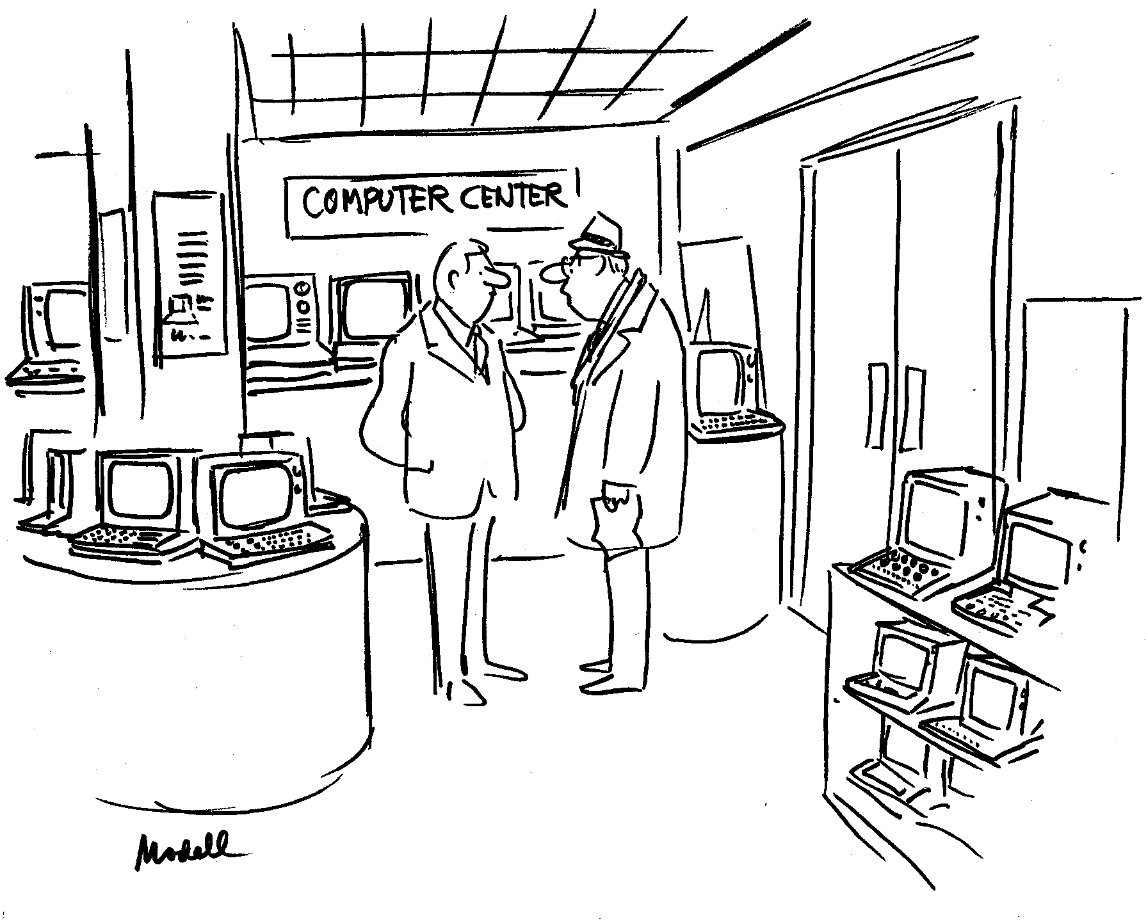
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

NEW YORK THOUGHTS FROM A BOOTH AT REIDY'S

A FRIEND of mine told me about Reidy's because he knows me to be a collector of what I think of as New York disputiana. I like a little shouting now and then. I even like the language New Yorkers use to express their contentiousness, one of my favorites being a phrase I once heard someone shout at a hockey referee who had failed to treat the Rangers with a full measure of justice—"Ya jerky bastard, ya!" What my friend thought would interest me about Reidy's—a restaurant on Fifty-fourth Street between Fifth and Madison—was that it appeared to be holding out against a real-estate developer who had flattened every structure around it in preparation for the construction of a forty-two-floor office building that would become 520 Madison Avenue. (The building, I later learned, will have no entrance on Madison Avenue, but that is not the sort of technicality that would trouble a substantial Manhattan real-estate developer; a new office building or high-rise apartment house customarily takes its address from the nearest avenue whose name the developer finds appealing.) Underneath a forest of huge steel girders, Reidy's stood alone in the bottom two floors of a small brick building—the only floors left, since the developer had, after successful negotiations with the owner of the upper floors, snatched them right off the building. My friend's eye had been caught by a large sign on the side of the truncated brick wall: "Reidy's Restaurant will stay at this location and will remain OPEN while the men play with their Erector set. Thank you."

Collectors of disputiana treasure a holdout. When the subject of great New Yorkers of the past comes up, we tend to mention the names of the Hurley brothers and Patrick Daley, the three Irish saloonkeepers who in the thirties refused to leave the quarters they had rented in a Reidy-size building at Forty-ninth and Sixth Avenue, and thus forced the developers of Rockefeller Center to build around them. Before the Hurley and Daley lease finally ran out, in the middle seventies—it was not renewed; the Rockefellers did not get rich by having short memories and forgiving natures—I used to drop in now and then to pay my respects. I would stand at the bar and try to conjure up a picture of what it might have been like when one of the Hurleys or Daley—all former bartenders at Gilhuly's, on Eighth Avenue, all born on the other side—told Mr. Rockefeller (or, more likely, some tight-lipped young lawyer acting on Mr. Rockefeller's behalf) where to get off. As I used to imagine it, any time Mr. Rockefeller's man tried to bring up the subject of an appropriate settlement for a prompt leave-taking, Daniel Hurley would respond with the language made famous by the oldest New York saloon of all, McSorley's—"Be good or begone. We were here before you were born." If Mr. Rockefeller's man persisted, Daley would step in and say, "G'wan, beat it, ya jerky bastard, ya!"

I was pleased to find that Maurice Reidy, who opened on Fifty-fourth Street in 1947, seemed to have a bit of Hurley and Daley in him. He displays a carved-wood map of Ireland in the restaurant window, and he likes to talk about the days "when Sixth Avenue was Sixth Avenue." The firm that had approached Reidy about his restaurant's being in the way of its high rise, Tishman Speyer Properties, also seemed appropriate—an adversary with projects large enough to make nose-thumbing worth the effort. The sort of speculative office building that Tishman Speyer had in mind for 520 Madison is traditionally constructed by people whose aesthetic sensibilities can be expressed completely in cost per square foot—meaning that a holdout can shout "Barbarian!" when he runs out of ancient Irish curses. The people who run Tishman Speyer were responsible for the construction some years ago of the Tishman Building—666 Fifth Avenue, right around the corner from Reidy's—which provoked what remains my favorite



"Do you have one that can help me decide which is the one for me?"

description of any New York skyscraper: "It looks like the box the Seagram Building came in."

What I discovered, though, is that Maurice Reidy had not responded to the appearance of the Tishman Speyer representative by saying "Be good or begone." When Reidy nailed up his sign about Erector sets, his son Bill had already started meeting with the president of Tishman Speyer to explore the options open to Reidy's Restaurant—including even the option of moving. The Reidys decided to stay put, but under a complicated settlement with Tishman Speyer that amounted roughly to Reidy's trading air rights for some serious structural improvements in the old building plus an extra few thousand square feet of dining area within the new skyscraper. The negotiations were notably lacking in contentiousness. Bill Reidy has described them as respectful. One of the managing partners of Tishman Speyer has publicly praised Bill Reidy—expressing amazement that the proprietor of a small restaurant was able to school himself in the fine points of big-time real estate well enough to carry on such negotiations. (Bill Reidy's early training was not under the Gilhulys on Eighth Avenue but under the Jesuits at Fairfield University.) I was naturally disappointed to discover such good will and mutual respect. I consoled myself with the reminder that the New York contentiousness I admire has always had a flip side: Once the shouting is over, just about everybody is ready to make a deal.

ONE way to distinguish Reidy's from most of the restaurants in its neighborhood—at least most of the restaurants that provide a bar and a full meal—is to say that the people who eat there pay with their own money. The expense-account crowd eats elsewhere. As a place that deals almost exclusively in what Bill Reidy calls "dead-end money," Reidy's obviously has to be careful about its prices. At lunch, Reidy's offers a choice of four daily specials at four-fifty—twenty-five cents extra for the pot roast, forty-five cents extra for the deep-fried sea scallops. What Reidy's has, in the view of Maurice Reidy, is "the unbeatable combination of a medium-priced restaurant in a high-class neighborhood."

Bill Reidy sees Reidy's as combining some casualness of atmosphere with professionalism of service—a place where people can eat a full meal, with linen on the table at dinner, for a reasonable price without worrying about being patronized by an imperious headwaiter or getting a lap full of soup from a nervous waitress who is in a hurry to get to her acting class. The ground floor is a narrow room with a long bar that seems to have pushed the tables to the walls and corners. There is a larger dining room upstairs—a place where there are not likely to be complaints registered if a farewell dinner for an assistant office manager includes some long toasts or a crowd from *Newsweek* having dinner on closing night gets a bit raucous while discussing a particularly dense senior editor. Reidy's is not a restaurant that is reviewed in food guides. It serves what Maurice Reidy calls "plain food." ("I tell the chef that the reputation of a good restaurant is made in the five minutes before the customer goes to bed, so keep your hands off the garlic.") It is not a place for celebrating a twenty-fifth wedding anniversary or impressing a client. ("If my best friend was treating a customer," Bill Reidy says, "I wouldn't get him.") At Reidy's, eating is routine rather than celebratory. There are a lot of regulars, and there are a lot of people who feel like regulars even if they only come in a half-dozen times a year. Bill Reidy told me, "The biggest compliment we ever got was from a customer who said, 'This is where I meet my wife if I'm not sure which one's going to get there first.' " The Reidys are not interested in competing with Lutèce or Le Cygne; at dinner, Bill Reidy says, "our biggest competition is going home." What the Reidys are interested in is being able to offer the London-broil dinner for six-ninety-five—accompanied by a decent atmosphere and, for an extra seventy-five cents, a green salad. "To succeed in this business," Bill Reidy says, "you have to decide what small part of the business is yours."

MAURICE REIDY began his business career on Fordham Road, in the Bronx, as a dance-hall proprietor. Now in his early seventies, he still has an instinct for the sort of promotion that could draw people to a dance hall during the Depression. For a while, he was giving away pieces of the rock that had been blasted out around Reidy's. When I asked him if his Erector-set sign, which is still on the side of the building, was attracting the attention of people who got the impression that Reidy's was holding out, he adjusted what I took to be his most innocent look and reminded me that the sign said nothing about holding out. "The general public has come to all sorts of horrible conclusions," he said, shaking his head in wonderment at how even the words of a simple, hardworking businessman can be misinterpreted. When buildings started coming down on Fifty-fourth Street and Bill Reidy started constructing financial models to indicate how much Tishman Speyer would lose in leasable space without Reidy's air rights, Maurice Reidy started putting out bulletins to reassure his customers ("If you notice bricks being removed from the upper floors of our building, DON'T BE WORRIED") and to let them in on several elements of the Reidy "magic of survival" ("#5—Our blessed gift of choosing loyal and capable help") and to talk a bit about regulars ("Patricia and James Maguire had dinner at Reidy's every night but Sundays during the year 1979"). Bill Reidy believes that at moments when extra effort is needed a restaurant man will start concentrating on whichever part of the business he started in: "Some people might begin putting in more time in the kitchen or behind the bar or in the dining room; my father runs out and does leaflets."

In a way, Reidy's is a neighborhood restaurant from the boroughs that happens to be in midtown Manhattan—down the street from Gucci and convenient to Tiffany or Cartier. When Maurice Reidy decided that Fordham Road had limitations as a site for a restaurant ("You can do three or four thousand a week in a neighborhood restaurant like that, but you can't do another five hundred if you stand on your head"), he simply opened the same sort of place on Fifty-fourth Street. Some of the bartenders and waiters at Reidy's started with Maurice Reidy in the Bronx. To the extent that Reidy's is a Manhattan restaurant, it seems to belong to the Manhattan familiar from Hollywood films made about the time Maurice Reidy opened on Fifty-fourth Street—when life was simpler and the blue-plate luncheon special was ninety-nine cents. I can imagine that some customers sitting in a booth these days at Reidy's, trying to decide between the Tender Lamb Goulash and the Tuna Casserole in Mushrooms and Cream, half expect to glance up and see a younger Van Johnson—or maybe his girlfriend, who is trying either to make it on Broadway or, with Van's help, to solve the murder of her landlady. Bill Reidy himself sometimes looks over at the bar and imagines dialogue from the forties:

"Can I wait here for Harry, Joe?"

"Sure, Miss Mary. Want a coffee?"

A lot of Reidy's regulars, a lot of whom are from the boroughs, use the word "comfortable" to describe it. When I was talking to Bill Reidy one day, a man came over from the bar to say how pleased he was that Reidy's was not moving. There weren't many places where he felt comfortable anymore, the man explained—particularly since they started putting up so many office buildings with banks and airline offices lining the ground floor. "It's very cold; it's not cozy," he said of the sort of restaurant likely to be found in such a building. "It's not comfortable." In a way, a place like Reidy's serves as a sort of consulate for people from the boroughs. As the office buildings with banks and airlines take over more and more of midtown, the supply of consulates is shrinking. If Van Johnson's girlfriend went to one of the flashy new restaurants in midtown office buildings and asked whether she could wait for Harry, the response might be "Do you have a reservation?"

THE proprietor of a dress store who found himself in a building that Tishman Speyer yearned to flatten might simply settle for as much money as he could get, and give thanks for the good fortune of having ended up in the path of progress. The Reidys were not seriously tempted by what Maurice Reidy calls "taking a sinful amount of money and getting lost." They were also not tempted by the prospect of taking a sinful amount of money and opening a flashy new place somewhere else. "I figured I've been going through tackle very successfully," Maurice Reidy says. "I'm not going to throw a long pass and have the other fellow intercept it and run for a touchdown."

Bill Reidy considered some offers by the developer to provide similar space elsewhere, but the Reidys really wanted to stay not just in the part of the business they knew but in the place where they knew it best. Restaurant people hate to move. "We're the least mobile of any retail business," Bill Reidy says. He knows that he has a small part of the restaurant business in midtown Manhattan, but he can never know for certain precisely why he has it. Aside from reasonable prices, what draws people to Reidy's? Is it a combination of characteristics that would also draw people on Thirty-eighth Street—assuming, of course, that the characteristics could be precisely duplicated on Thirty-eighth Street? In a vertical city, four or five blocks away is a different neighborhood. Why do some people feel comfortable in Reidy's? Which changes would make no difference to them and which changes would make them feel uncomfortable? Bill Reidy began negotiations with the notion that Reidy's should be changed as little as possible. His arrangement with the developer will leave Reidy's looking pretty much the way it has always looked, except larger. It will also give Reidy's a lobby entrance from a forty-two-story office building—meaning that Bill Reidy has literally planned for a rainy day.

Reidy's now displays a large architectural rendering of the future 520 Madison Avenue—its Fifty-fourth Street façade punctuated by a tiny two-story red brick building—and a blowup of an item the *Times* ran in the real-estate section reporting the amicable settlement. Still, a lot of people every day congratulate Bill or Maurice Reidy on having the guts to tell the big shots where to get off. Contentiousness on the part of the Reidys is assumed; I am apparently not the only collector in the field. Bill Reidy thinks that the tendency of so many people to treat the Reidys as heroic nose-thumbers may come partly from the fact that so many New Yorkers are tenants rather than owners—ready to back anybody who seems to have had any sort of run-in with a real-estate shark—and partly from the fact that so many people in the neighborhood work for large corporations that seem almost indifferent to their presence. The girders do bend to get around Reidy's, after all. "They feel we at least dented a big company," Bill Reidy says. "We made them change their pattern."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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The Tangerine Bowl-bound Gators have lost three in a row to Florida State and reportedly have devoted five minutes a day this week to "hate Florida State."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Light

THE Metropolitan Opera has reopened, and as the first opera of its season gave the New York première of the completed, three-act "Lulu." James Levine conducted. John Dexter directed. Teresa Stratas was the heroine. It was a performance on a high level, and one that came far closer than the others I have seen—the première, *at the Paris Opera, and the American* première, in Santa Fe—to stilling any doubts about the work while making much of what has never been in question: its beauty, richness, and theatrical vitality. Before writing any more about this detailed, careful, and impassioned execution of a detailed and impassioned score, I want to hear and see it again.

The Met's official "opening night," two days earlier, was devoted to Mahler's Second Symphony, for orchestra and chorus—as if in graceful acknowledgment that the Met orchestra and the Met chorus, whose requests for better treatment had kept the house dark for so long, are indeed the backbone of the company. The symphony's sobriquet, the "Resurrection," also made it an appropriate choice. But the performance was nothing much. Mr. Levine, who conducted, has never struck me as the "outstanding Mahler interpreter" that the New Grove calls him. His reading lacked flow, emotional phrasing, eloquence. There were some carefully considered details, isolated points that pleased. If the Met is to continue to give concerts—and I trust it will, for an opera-house orchestra needs to come up and take the limelight from time to time—thought must be given to their staging. At this concert, the pit floor was raised to stage level and most of the players were out on it, packed tight in a long, narrow line. First and second violins were divided left and right, and that was good, but the double-basses were *clumped at third base, which spoiled* the balance. Without risers, the woodwinds hardly breached the wall of strings. The salvos of the heavy percussion, a battery stationed out in front of the proscenium arch, proved hard to bear. Behind the orchestra, the stage was set shallow, and the chorus, a hundred strong, was banked up in front of the "Don Carlos" towers. It sounded unaccountably scrawny—particularly in tenor division. Marilyn Horne, the alto soloist, sounded hollow and had little legato. Judith Blegen, the soprano soloist, soared sweetly.

The Met's Wagner-Strauss concert last season, rich-toned and exciting, had led one to hope for more—for fuller string sound, clearer woodwinds, more accurately tuned brass, and tidier ensemble. Excuses are easily found. An orchestra that has not played Mahler's music before—and has not played under Mahler for seventy years—can hardly be blamed for not getting it right first time. And "Lulu," which *was* played (and conducted) with great eloquence and intensity, had no doubt hogged the rehearsal time.

PIERRE BOULEZ's latest composition, his first for orchestra in five years (since "Rituel"), is "Notations," a work of uncommon brilliance and attractiveness. Daniel Barenboim and the Orchestre de Paris gave the first performance, last June. Zubin Mehta and the Philharmonic introduced it to New York the day before "Lulu." "Notations" lasted about twelve minutes in Paris and about fourteen minutes here, but it may grow *longer. It has already grown from* four short piano pieces—four from a set of twelve—that Boulez composed in 1945 when he was a student in Messiaen's harmony class at the Conservatoire. He plans to make orchestral versions of the eight others, too, and in June the Orchestre de Paris is due to play as many as are ready. The composer's program note is brief:

> Originally very short pieces for piano, reëxamined after more than thirty years and "developed" for orchestra—less a matter of orchestration than, as Berio would say, of "transcription." What more need be said but that the character of each piece is defined, isolated, fixed in a single expressive mode, and that the relationship between the pieces is essentially one of contrast?

The pieces that make up the piano "Notations" last, I'm told, perhaps a minute or so each, and each delineates a single idea. In the orchestral "Notations" the idea has, as it were, been passed through a many-faceted bright prism and broken into a thousand linked, lapped, sparkling fragments—a twinkling spectrum that falls across a very large orchestra whose individual players are stirred into sound when the light touches them. As now arranged, the four movements make up a small symphony. The first of them is a thing of sudden attacks, swells, and decays. The second is a scherzo. The third is a lyrical slow movement of almost Messiaenic lushness, with yearning melodies that wind their way across a richly scored background. The finale is a terse modern "Rite"—

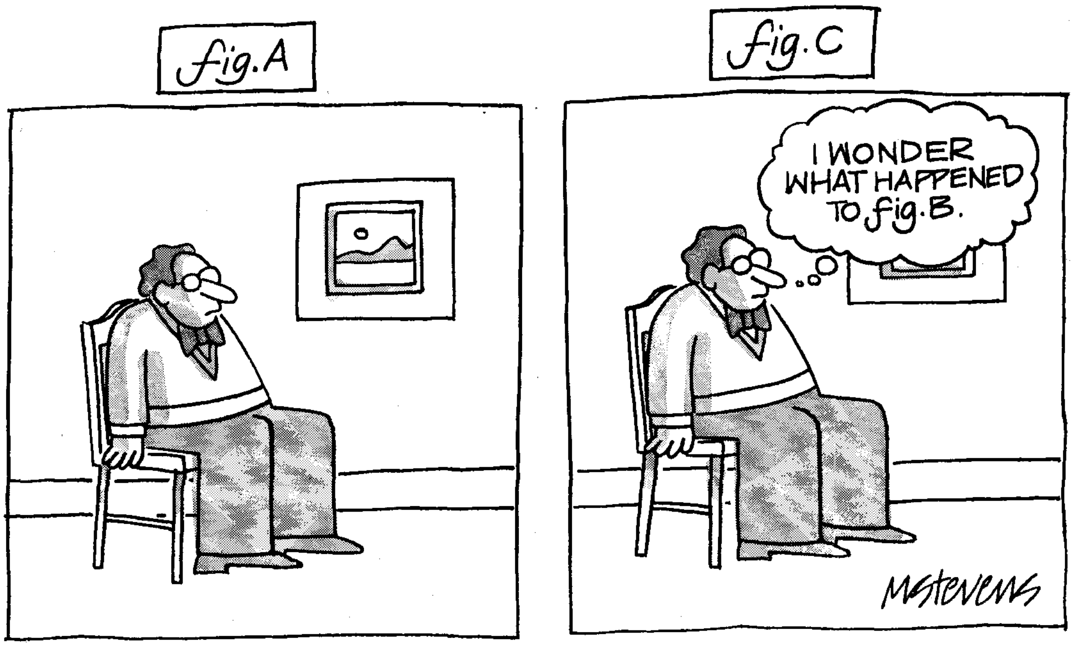
fig. A
fig. C
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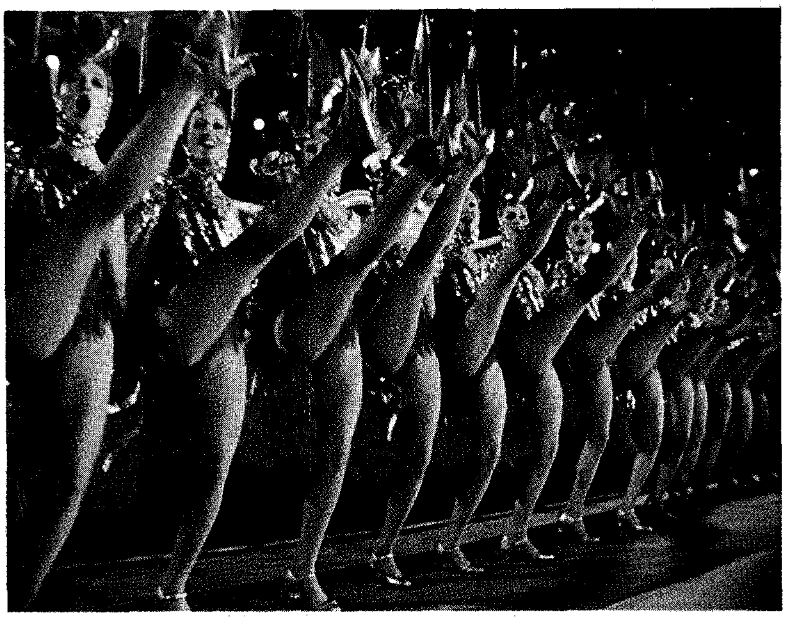

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a percussion-dominated dance of bright colors which sets the pulses racing. There is no sense of miniatures inflated, bagatelles become bombast: all is delicate, precise, limpid, even when there are some ninety staves on the page and the volume is high. In his busy conducting years, Boulez set his baton—well, his hands, for he didn't use a baton—to many a modern composition in which instrumental lines proliferate until nothing is heard clearly. "Notations" is among other things a demonstration of lucid orchestration for such forces. And more than that. As soon as the piece begins, one knows one is—in a phrase from Isaiah Berlin's latest collection of essays—sailing in first-class waters. That mind has always been dazzling. The twenty-year-old student had genius. The fifty-five-year-old composer, conductor, and, at IRCAM, commissar of vanguard music is again our model of clear thinking, musical intelligence, and exhilarating aural adventure. His "Notations" cuts like a bright sword through many contemporary thickets.

The Group for Contemporary Music and Parnassus joined forces last month for the first concert of their seasons and drew a good house to the Symphony Space. George Perle's Concertino, for piano, fourteen winds, and (in just the closing pages) timpani, had its New York première, with Robert Miller as the pianist. It is a captivating piece: nine minutes of witty, elegant, distinguished music. Perle's renown as an analyst and scholar may have diverted some of the attention due to his merits as a composer. Last week, WQXR broadcast his Short Symphony, recorded at its Tanglewood première this summer. The performance, by the Boston Symphony under Seiji Ozawa, was rather vague, smudged in some of its details, but good enough to reveal the arresting quality of the score. Perle's aim—put bluntly, to find ways of reconciling our traditional (tonal) ways of hearing and understanding with the richness of serial procedures—is an important one, but what matters to listeners is his achievement: the vividness of the melodic gestures, the lively rhythmic sense, the clarity and shapeliness of his discourse, and, quite simply, the charm and grace of his utterance. A vein of romance often runs through both the harmonies and the timbres.

The other new work in the Group-Parnassus concert was Anthony Korf's "A Farewell," a longish, ambitious piece for twenty winds and percussion. The winds are treated as five separate and coherent choirs (four flutes, two oboes with two bassoons, and so on). "A Farewell" is an intelligent composition that presents some grave, beautiful sounds and thoughts. Korf has a good ear. But after a time one lost sense of direction. The program began with Varèse's noble, mysterious "Intégrales" and ended with Charles Wuorinen's Tuba Concerto (1970), scored for the uninviting ensemble of solo tuba with twelve winds and twelve drums. It includes an exciting percussion cadenza.

The Light Opera of Manhattan's Christmas production is of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," billed as possibly the first full-scale New York revival of the piece in half a century. It's not an Urtext version. For the sake of young audiences, the book has been rewritten by William Mount-Burke, the director of LOOM, and Alice Hammerstein Mathias, daughter of a famous librettist. The wicked uncle is gone, the toys don't turn lethal, and the nursery-character extravaganzas yield to a straighter-line narrative. Some numbers have been brought in from other Herbert scores. Yet the result is delightful. Herbert was a skillful, scrupulous, and inventive composer. "Full-scale" may be rather a grand epithet for a show accompanied—albeit skillfully and sensitively—by piano and electric organ, but the piece has been put on with style and spirit, in colorful sets (Michael Sharp) and costumes (James Nadeaux). In the large cast (twelve soloists, toy corps of eighteen), Claudia O'Neill and Jeff Severson are the charming babes, and Karen Hartman is a nimble toy mouse. Moreover, it was a rare pleasure to hear opera in a theatre—the Eastside Playhouse—where without any forcing every word could be caught, and even the lightest voices told.

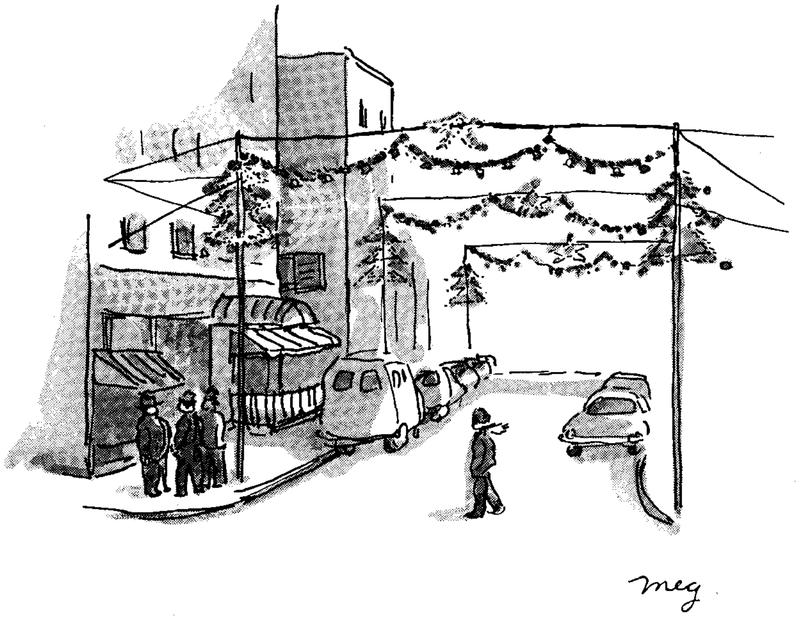
—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Formulae

"Eternity's Sunrise," by Marc Neikrug, was the second new work to be given by the Philharmonic this season. Inspired by a William Blake poem, the piece opens out from short-breathed, inconclusive passages through a section of babbling, indeterminate writing to a high-flown lyrical ending. It is unobjectionable, unoriginal. At a first hearing, it seemed to me unworthy of a place in the city's leading orchestral concert series.

The American Composers Orchestra found a splendid formula for the first concert of its season at Alice Tully Hall: begin and end with music that's exuberant and easy to listen to, and in the middle, when our concentration is at its height, hit us with the hard stuff. It worked because even the lightest pieces were not insignificant and because all were performed with energy and commitment. Frederick Converse's "Flivver Ten Million," an overliteral twenties fantasy about a Ford automobile, is no doubt just a curiosity, but it was fascinating to hear a serious American's response to the preoccupations that underlie music as diverse as that of George Antheil, Edgard Varèse, and Kurt Weill—their noisy, grimy, nightmare visions of the industrial city become in Converse's little tale an innocent prattle, a jolly toy-town outing,



complete with blaring horn and factory whistle. The last work in the concert, Walter Piston's suite from "The Incredible Flutist," was an example of an academic composer letting his hair down in an enjoyable—and a musicianly—manner. Like William Bolcom's "Ghost Rags," the Piston suite embraces its popular idiom without condescension or casualness, and reworks it with sensitivity and sophistication.

The evening's New York première demanded more of the listener, though it, too, was entertaining. Richard Felciano's "Galactic Rounds" (first performed by the Greater Boston Youth Orchestra in 1973) is an inventive piece of controlled chaos in which the instruments of the orchestra seem to inhabit their own, unrelated sound worlds, throwing noisy fragments about the stage and only rarely coming together for staccato chords or noisy climaxes. The composer claims, in a program note, that it is all based on a version of traditional round or canon form, but I failed to hear that. What was evidently circular was the motion of the trumpet and trombone players, who were required to stand and swivel with an abandon that looked a danger to the surrounding instruments. The idea of this, the composer declared, was to create Doppler effects. I have known what a Doppler effect was ever since my physics master assembled the whole of our class on a busy highway outside school, leaped into his car, and drove past us at 60 m.p.h. with the horn on. I can report that the revolving brass in Tully Hall produced none of the extraordinary variation in pitch which characterizes that effect.

Erik Lundborg's Piano Concerto formed the central and most difficult work of the concert. It is a single-movement composition in four linked sections, dry in tone and acid in texture. I could not pretend to follow, at first hearing, the different ways in which the material of the first section was developed in the second and third sections, though the recapitulatory elements in the last section were clear. But, for all its uningratiating sound, the work kept one concentrating; its self-imposed logic—not just serialism but disciplined use of instrumentation and rhythm—was hard-hitting. The main expressive weight of the piece was borne by the piano soloist—though perhaps that judgment reflects the dancing, lyrical strength that Ursula Oppens brought to the most apparently intractable passages in the solo part. In the beautiful *mesto* section, skipping high on the keyboard, and in the crashing, angular chords of the climaxes, she made musical sense out of what might have been mere noise. One section, a slow, simplistic chord sequence for piano and strings, seemed incongruous, and still does, however long I look at it in the score. But the crisp rat-a-tat figurations of the woodwinds and the ominous muted passages for the brass, thickly woven, look ever more impressive. Miss Oppens should have the opportunity to play the work again. Throughout the evening—which also included Aaron Copland's Orchestral Variations—the orchestra was directed with panache and confidence by Jorge Mester.

THE Dessoff Choirs, in a concert at Abraham Goodman House, brought together an attractive selection of English liturgical music from John Dunstable to Thomas Tomkins. The English setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis from William Byrd's Great Service ended the concert—noble, restrained, without the passion and vivid word-setting of Byrd's writing for Latin texts. It was sung eagerly, with solid chording and responsive phrasing but without the absolute precision that can make the music intensely moving. The concert included some popular classics from the English High Renaissance (Thomas Weelkes' "Alleluia, I hear a voice" and Orlando Gibbons' "O clap your hands together") and welcome pieces from the early Renaissance—the generations of John Taverner and John Sheppard. Until recently, Taverner has been the best-known figure of this period, perhaps because his music was the first to appear, back in 1923, in the pioneering modern edition "Tudor Church Music." Sheppard has had to await more recent championship, from David Wulstan in fine recordings with the Clerkes of Oxenford, and his music is only now being published, in the scholarly edition "Early English Church Music."

The first "Tudor Church Music" volume contained Taverner's Mass "The Western Wynde," his most popular work and the most substantial piece on the Dessoff Choirs' program. Taverner's Mass can be performed —and the Dessoff Choirs performed it —as a normal four-part piece, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass; hence, I suspect, its popularity in the twentieth century. But the scoring is really for treble, mean, countertenor, and bass, and if one accepts Mr. Wulstan's controversial theories of pitch at this period, the Mass should be sung at a pitch higher than that written. It fits modern voices well as it is, with the basses often singing down to a low G and the sopranos up to a high F (or occasionally G), but it cannot help sounding rather muddy. Michael Hammond conducted his choirs vigorously, and shaped the work well. The dancing conclusions to the Gloria and Credo bounced (perhaps too fast); the smooth consonances at the start of the Sanctus flowed beautifully; the imitative writing was gently emphasized; and the cantus firmus always sang through the textures without dominating them. In the more elaborate sections, for two and three voices, with their old-style melismas and decorations, the idiom was less sure. Inconsistent decisions were made about performing these parts with some or all the voices, and there was often a feeling of strain rather than of joyful exuberance in the long phrases. Few leading notes were sharpened. (Philip Brett's 1961 edition for Stainer & Bell makes sensible suggestions in this regard.) There was an excellent small tenor group of four singers, and the tutti altos made a nice throaty noise, but among the sopranos only a handful had the technique to sustain the high lines—in this case, upward transposition would not have worked. A lack of stylistic confidence also spoiled the John Dunstable setting "Veni Sancte Spiritus/Veni Creator Spiritus." But the elaborate Sheppard piece "Reges Tharsis et Insulae" went splendidly.

The concert as a whole provided a fine introduction to the repertory. I had not expected the concert hall at Goodman House to be suitable for listening to some sixty voices, but it let us hear the detail and added a gentle bloom to the sound. Goodman House has established itself as one of New York's most versatile and most civilized concert halls. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From Boston Magazine*]

CORRECTION

On page 93 of our August issue, we erroneously stated that the Longwood Inn at 123 Longwood Avenue, Brookline, was our choice for the best neighborhood bar hangout. We wish to advise our readers that the Longwood Inn does not serve liquor nor is it patronized by "jocks and alcoholic sportswriters." We apologize to the Longwood Inn, which is in fact a lodging house.

BOOKS

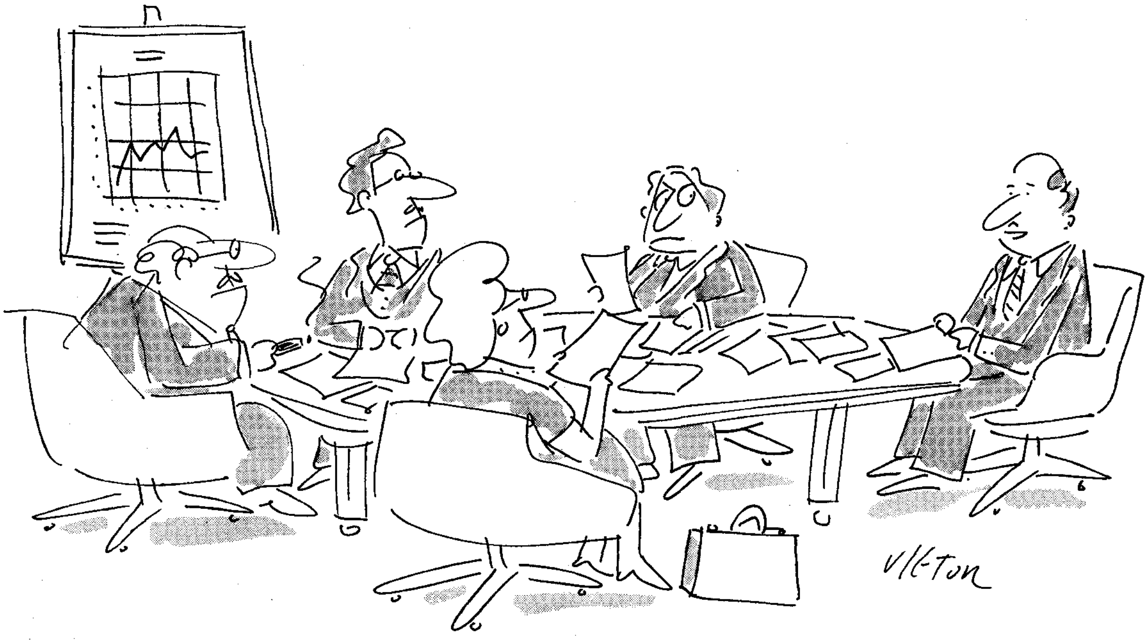
An Armful of Field Flowers

IN a time of biographical blockbusters and elephantine assemblages of the letters of the dead, "Letters from Colette," selected and translated by Robert Phelps (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95), is an attractively airy, relatively skimpy production. Mr. Phelps, the compiler of the ingenious "Earthly Paradise," a portrait of Colette's life as drawn from her writings, has here, in a veritable mist of the triple dots of ellipsis, distilled a mere two hundred and twelve pages of English from the five volumes of Colette's letters already published by Flammarion in France, plus a number printed by her third husband, Maurice Goudeket, in his memoirs and a few that have appeared in periodicals and catalogues. This mass of material does not include the major correspondences that Colette energetically conducted with such important figures in her life as her three husbands and "Missy," the Marquise de Belbeuf, her lesbian consort from 1906 to 1911. Approximately two thousand letters that Colette wrote to her mother, the beloved Sido, were destroyed by her brother Achille when Sido died, in 1912; but Colette's abundant epistles to her daughter, her editors and publishers, and a number of close friends survive and await publication. Her French editors, on principles of priority no doubt well considered, have issued, as of 1980, in separate volumes, Colette's letters to the actress Marguerite Moreno, her "greatest friend," according to Maurice Goudeket; to Hélène Picard, a poet and at one time Colette's secretary on *Le Matin*, "after which she lived in aloof retirement in an apartment decorated in blue, tending her parakeets and writing poems;" and to Renée Hamon, a traveller and journalist whom Colette nicknamed "*le petit corsaire*." These three female friends, and most of the assorted correspondents lumped in the two additional French volumes, "Lettres de la Vagabonde" and "Lettres à Ses Pairs," are more witnesses to Colette's life than actresses or actors in it, and are addressed with candor but not with passion, in blithe accents, so that our and Mr. Phelps' disposition to perceive Colette's checkered and sometimes tumultuous career as a kind of idyll meets little that will contradict it. Not only were the letters themselves, the "Editor's Note" tells us, "all spontaneous, abundant, dashed-off, like nothing so much as an armful of field flowers, fresh, fragrant, still sparkling with dew, which Ceres, let's say, brought in from her morning walk" but an idyllic carefreeness characterized the editor's labors "all through the summer by the sea that I worked on this translation," in a place he specifies as "Gayhead, Mass."—a more tripping version of the spondaic "Gay Head" one finds on maps of Martha's Vineyard. Mr. Phelps, his sunburn still rosy, explains:

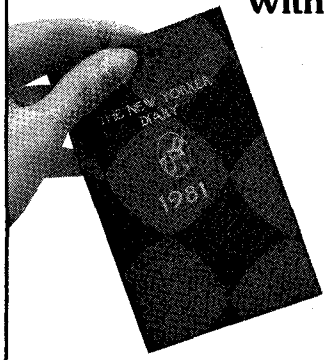
> I have followed my own taste, trimming freely and trying simply to show Colette in her daily zest, meeting her deadlines, paying her bills, at play with her family and friends, at work in the theatre, on the lecture platform, in her short-lived beauty salon, and at her lifelong writing desk. Letters and memoirs to come will certainly deepen the image this book makes, but it is unlikely that they will radically alter it.

The image this freely trimmed book makes will perhaps most enchant those who come to it already loving Colette. I am not sure one could begin to love her from these letters, though they are, like her fiction, swift, frank, tender, balanced, witty, and vivid, yet with something severe just beneath their deceptively accessible and limpid surfaces. The art of pantomime—which she practiced as a trouping professional in her six-year period as a "vagabond" between leaving her first husband, the deplorable "Willy" (Henri Gauthier-Villars), in 1906, and marrying her second, the eventually deplorable Henry de Jouvenel, of *Le Matin*, in 1912—lent her literary art something of its silence, its effective minimalism. The critic Edmond Jaloux spoke aptly of "the feline and sometimes aggressive grace with which she writes." The reader is aggressively tweaked by such a simile as "My bulldogs are adorable, with faces like toads that have been sat on." Her beautiful passion for nature does not balk at handling a shark: "I caught a little 75-centimeter shark yesterday—in my two hands. What a mug, and what teeth, and above all, what strength! No viscosity. A skin like a moist leather slipper." Somehow, though all the letters Mr. Phelps has chosen are friendly and many are loving, one never quite forgets that in the prize ring of life few of us would have lasted ten rounds with Colette.

The first letter in this selection was written in 1902, when she was twenty-eight and already hardened in the ways of the world. Writing to the



"Er, would you repeat the question? I was dreaming of a white Christmas."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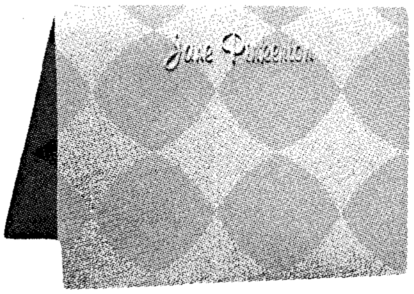
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critic Lucien Muhlfeld, she said of the play "Claudine à Paris," which was about to open, "It has nothing to do with literature or art, of course. It's idiotic, and you should say so. But please also say that it will be a 'box-office hit.' It has to be, because we need the money." She had been married to Willy for nine years at this point, and two years had passed since her first Claudine novel was published, under his name. This strange man, a walking pseudonym, a conspicuous dandy, a sleepless manipulator and compulsive seducer, operated a kind of word factory in an age when reading had no electronic rivals and books were items of the crassest consumption. Many hands labored to produce the books he signed, but the genius among his slaves turned out to be his little country bride. Without Willy, there would have been no Colette; it was via her unhappy marriage with him that she made the greatest transition of her versatile career, from a clever village girl to an ornament of the Belle Époque and, enduringly, a writer. There is a great deal about writing in these letters, and a fair amount about money. Before Colette, it has been pointed out, the female writers of France had been aristocrats, from Mme. de Lafayette to Anna de Noailles; there were no Jane Austens or Brontë sisters, perhaps because there were almost no clergymen's daughters. Colette, the daughter of a tax collector (albeit an improvident one), brought to her pioneering role the traditional bourgeois zest for hard bargaining:

> If the Alhambra cannot pay me as much as the Gaîté-Rochechouart, so much for the Alhambra. It's an outfit which should be able to pay, at the least, *reasonably*. And then, too, when I have a name with proved box-office value, why should I contract myself never to get more than five louis? . . . If business is poor, so much for business.
>
> I've had a strange letter from Robert de Flers, the editor of *Figaro*, in which he speaks of unavoidable "retrenchments," the high cost of living, etc., and asks me to limit myself to two columns per month. . . . So I replied with a note overflowing with affection, tearfully regretting that in that case I would have to cut off my contributions altogether, since the same high cost of living obliged me, as well, not to disperse my copy in too many places.

To the Comtesse Anna de Noailles, she confided, "I have a computer soul." As a performer on the stage, she exulted in her "proved box-office value;" as a literary performer for half a century, she was undoubtedly canny at keeping her name before the public, through scandal and skillful self-promotion as well as intrinsic excellence. She was a popular writer not by accident. At the outset of her career, asking Francis Jammes to write the introduction to the first book, "Dialogues de Bêtes," to which she was free to sign her own name, she wrote simply, "It is neither nice nor gay to earn money with what one loves, but we live almost entirely that way."

She worked hard, with increasing perfectionism. "Am I working? Yes, if working means tearing up what I wrote last week and beginning over." "This *Fin de Chéri* will be my own, it torments me so. But I'm working terribly." "I've finished—or think I've finished—*Le Seuil*. But not without torment! The last page, precisely, cost me my entire first day here—and I defy you, when you read it, to suspect this. Alas, that a mere twenty lines, without fancy effects or embossing of any kind, should make such demands. It's the *proportions* that give me the greatest trouble. And I have such a horror of grandiloquent finales . . ." "Scratching paper is such a somber battle. There are no witnesses, no one else in your corner, no passion. And all the while, waiting outside, there are your blue spring, the cries of your peacocks, and the fragrance of the air. It's very sad." She accepted and executed many drudging assignments. She scribbled off the Claudine novels for Willy, which he muddled with touches of lubricity and malice; she edited the literary page of *Le Matin* while she was de Jouvenel's wife; for five years she served as drama critic for *Le Journal*. In 1932, "to make a bit of money, I've agreed to write the French subtitles for a German film, 'Mädchen in Uniform.'" With her third husband, after a trip to America in 1935, she translated a Broadway play by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, "The Royal Family." Yet amid all this facility the artist's necessary curse of self-doubt never deserted her: "All the same, it's terrible to think, as I do every time I begin a book, that I no longer have any talent, that in fact I never had any." She disliked discussing "*la littérature*," and the exact shape of her strict inner standards must be guessed at, from such clues as the word "rhythmical" in a confession from "The Vagabond"—"I have a writer's need to express my thoughts in rhythmical language"—and her exhortations to Marguerite Moreno, who had composed some reminiscences:

> Do you realize that in all that not one word *makes me see and hear* what you're talking about? If you were telling me this in person, you would paint old Madame A. and her husband, Papa Anatole France, and the whole company in fifteen lines. You would transform your "untethered mischiefmaking" into a single line of *dialogue*, of heard conversation, and it would all come alive. No mere narration, for God's sake! Concrete details and colors! And no need of summing up!

The gods had given her a splendidly vital nature. The youngest of four coddled and imaginative children, in adulthood she appeared younger than she was, as if a certain postponement had entered her life during those caged years as Willy's wife. Throughout her thirties, once free of him, she performed semi-nude on the stage; the photograph of her "in an Egyptian costume," in Michèle Sarde's biography "Colette," might be of a solid girl of eighteen, though it is 1912 and Colette is thirty-nine. Not until the age of forty did she become a mother. At the age of fifty-one, she took up skiing, with a fearless exuberance:

> I had my first ski lesson at once and since then I have been skating and tobogganing as well. I don't miss a chance to fall! They find me on the neighboring slopes, on my back like a scarab, waving my rear paws tangled in the skis. Passers-by stop, pick me up, and I go again.

The next year, she took as lover the thirty-five-year-old man who was to become her third husband; she describes him to Marguerite Moreno in a purring tone that usurps the old male prerogative of sexual connoisseurship:

> That boy is exquisite. I prefer to add nothing more. But what masculine grace there is in a certain softness, and how touching it is to watch the inner warmth thaw the outer envelope. There are very few males who, without changing their tone or raising their voice, can say . . . what needs to be said.

At the age of fifty-five, she adopted water-dowsing ("As you approach water, the forked stick becomes live, imperious, and twists like a snake in your hands. Véra tried, but she has less 'witching' power than I. . . . So I have finally found a means of earning a living"), and at the age of sixty-eight, already feeling the arthritis that was to cripple her, she bought a bicycle. Over seventy, in occupied, besieged Paris, she wrote, "This morning the sky was a ceiling of airplanes. How strange it all is, and how eager I am not to die before I have seen it all!" Bedridden and in constant pain, laden with more

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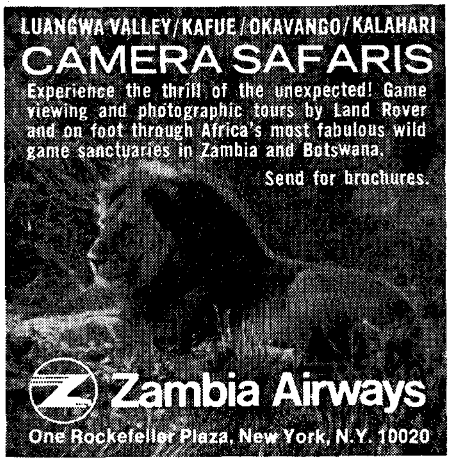

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honors than the French republic had ever before bestowed upon a woman, she died at the age of eighty-one. One of her letters speaks of "that elasticity which is the miraculous resort of the female creature, and about which I know something." Her own had enabled her to survive poverty, scandal, and the repeated heartbreak that an adventurous woman must suffer. From provincial maiden to Paris bohemian, from marriage to lesbianism and back again, from vaudeville stage to writing desk, from the demimonde to the Académie Goncourt—Colette managed these transformations without losing to her necessary elasticity a central firmness and clarity of vantage marvellous in any gender. Throughout her long life, she kept her distinct Burgundian accent and a self-esteem rooted in her native village of Saint-Sauveur.

Freud's famous assertion that a mother's favorite keeps for life "that confidence of success which often induces real success" was made with boys in mind but, of course, could apply to girls; and the youngest child as well as the oldest—especially if her sibling rivals were two "savage" brothers and a reclusive older sister fathered by a detested former husband—might attract that heaping measure of maternal love which makes for an infrangible soundness and resilience of spirit. Colette and her mother enjoyed a reciprocity of affection which, whether rare or common in families, is rarely commemorated as it has been in "My Mother's House" and "Sido." Sido gave a blessing to her daughter's body that enabled Colette to feel her instincts and emotions as an aspect of nature and its eternal innocence. Compared to Proust's disquisitions upon homosexuality, those by Colette in "The Pure and the Impure"—written with Proust in mind—are quite insubstantial; for her there is nothing impure, nothing worth moralizing or romanticizing about, not even her friend Renée Vivien's suicidal alcoholism. Colette is like Proust, however, in that her single volumes compose one great book of life, an autobiography transformed by the needs of art and a mysterious obligation to give back glory. An instructive contrast to her career is that of Jean Rhys, another pretty vaudevillian with an irregular love life and a scrupulous prose style. Though Rhys had her admirers and her rewards, her work is elliptical and brittle and suffused with bitterness, and her life the opposite of a triumph, except in its haggard, lonely length. Where Sido's unstated presence fills Colette's world to the brim with permission to be joyful, the painful absence of Rhys's own bemused, indifferent, possibly mad mother drains reality and leaves it sere and cryptic.

Colette, already, seems old-fashioned in a way not true of Rhys—too genial, too ample, too well turned, too much part of "*la littérature*" she distrusted. We are so secure in the lap of her velvety and resilient natural paradise that, knowing nothing very bad can happen, we sometimes doze. When her fiction drifts into essay, as in "Break of Day," a kind of grand complacency throws a shadow of the orotund—a tone almost priestly, as of a maternal Chateaubriand. But Colette remains, even now, the century's best translator of feminine vigor into words, the woman who brought to her vocation of writing the most generous measure of experience and health. "The Vagabond" still reads as a remarkably just and debonair study of a female consciousness waking to the possibility of independence—a feminist novel to shame, in its subtlety, the feminists. It is not easy, to be another Colette. Her energy and discipline, her exhibitionism and classicism do not combine every day. Her younger sisters in self-revelation seem, often, merely bawdy, or caustic, or beyond or above it all, where she placed herself at the center of the live world:

> You cannot imagine the pure—and purgative—joy of eating black cherries which the sun has ripened on the tree. It rains, it shines, I get up at six and am in bed by nine. I am turning the color of a pigskin valise.
>
> It's raining gently, and feels very good on the face and in the eyes. The entire park is starred with the white behinds of rabbits!
>
> I am the friend of humidity and a west wind.

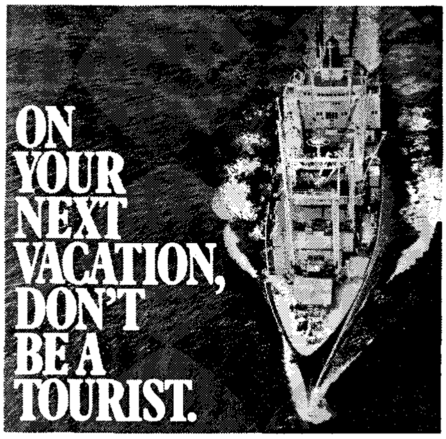
The book of life she was always composing adds, in this breezy selection of letters, another chapter, and not the last.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Love of Gold, by Emily Hahn (Harper & Row; $10.95). Miss Hahn covers a surprising amount of ground in a relatively brief book about mankind's favorite metal—from the sophisticated goldsmithery of the ancient Scythians down to the way the price of gold is fixed, twice a day, by five men sitting around a



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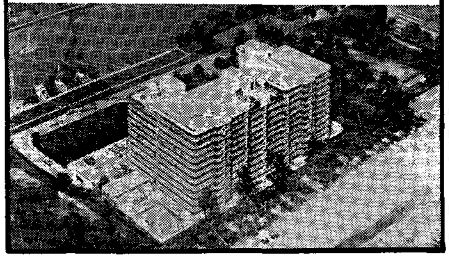

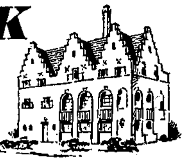

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table in London. She recapitulates the great gold rushes—California, Brazil, South Africa, Australia—and describes, at some length, the modern hunt for shipwrecked Spanish gold off the Florida coast. She tells how gold is mined and how modern goldsmiths fashion jewelry mounts by a process whose origins are lost in prehistory. Like all Miss Hahn's reporting, this book is sparked by her enthusiasm for her subject—but then she admits that gold has a special place in her affections.

From a Limestone Ledge, by John Graves (Knopf; $11.95). Another fine, reflective, anecdotal look at rural Texas by the author of "Goodbye to a River" and "Hard Scrabble." The subject is the four hundred ungrateful acres in the cedar hill country south of Fort Worth that Mr. Graves and his wife and daughters call home, and its various and varying dependents. These include the usual (beef cattle) and the unusual (a vineyard), and such others as goats ("To see a file of them dancing and bucking sideways in sheer pleasure as they head for pasture in the morning is to know why our words 'caper' and 'caprice' come from the Latin for goat"), bees ("Bees make a botanist of their owner as he watches for blooms and nectar"), chickens ("One of the nicest things about chickens is that it's rather hard to get emotionally involved with them"), and dogs—especially dogs. That chapter is the longest and perhaps the best in this excellent and warmhearted book.

Recollections of the Powys Brothers, edited by Belinda Humfrey (Humanities Press; $26). A collection of essays on John Cowper Powys, Theodore Francis Powys, and Llewelyn Powys by some thirty friends of that brilliant trio. Brought up with their eight brothers and sisters in a Somerset vicarage, each became a writer by his own peculiar route: John Cowper (1872-1963), an erudite and spellbinding talker, was a lecturer in the United States before he wrote the novels—"Wolf Solent," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Owen Glendower," notably—that made him famous; Theodore Francis (1875-1953) tried his hand at farming, failed, settled in a remote Dorsetshire hamlet to write his sombre yet comic short stories and

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novels of country life, then suddenly stopped writing and lived happily as a hermit for the last twenty years of his life; Llewelyn (1884-1939), the Adonis of the family and a tubercular, was first a schoolmaster and then a farm manager in Kenya, the setting of his best essays, short stories, and novels. All three were egocentric (yet close to one another), and each in his own way was seductively attractive to his friends. These friends are a varied group, from Henry Miller, who became a worshipful devotee of John Cowper as early as 1917, and kept up a correspondence with him until John Cowper's death, to David Garnett, Jacquetta Hawkes, and the late Sylvia Townsend Warner.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PEOPLE OF DARKNESS, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row; $9.95). Mr. Hillerman continues to imagine the most disturbing and diverting monkey business in and around the great Navajo reservations in northern New Mexico, and he introduces us here to still another attractive (and redoubtable) member of the Navajo Tribal Police, one Jim Chee. Chee's problem is manifold. Who stole a little box of keepsakes from the home of a white uranium millionaire? And why? Why have so many members of the Charley family, all of them peyote preachers, died of cancer? And why is he being stalked by a white professional assassin? The Indian lore that is always an engaging part of Mr. Hillerman's thrillers is somewhat less closely integrated into the action this time, but it is here, and, as always, it gives the story an extra edge.

•

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—*Miami News.*

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•

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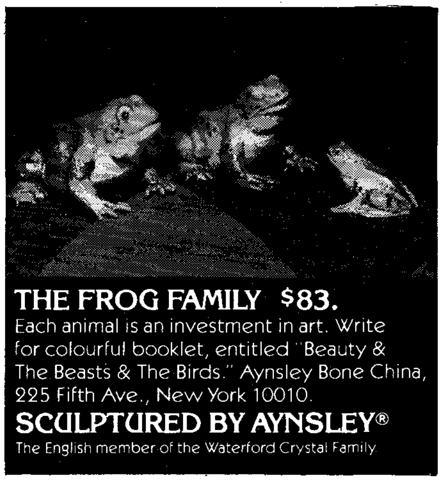

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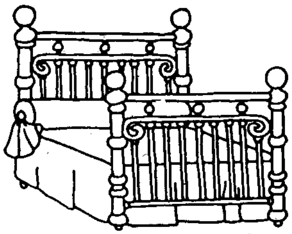

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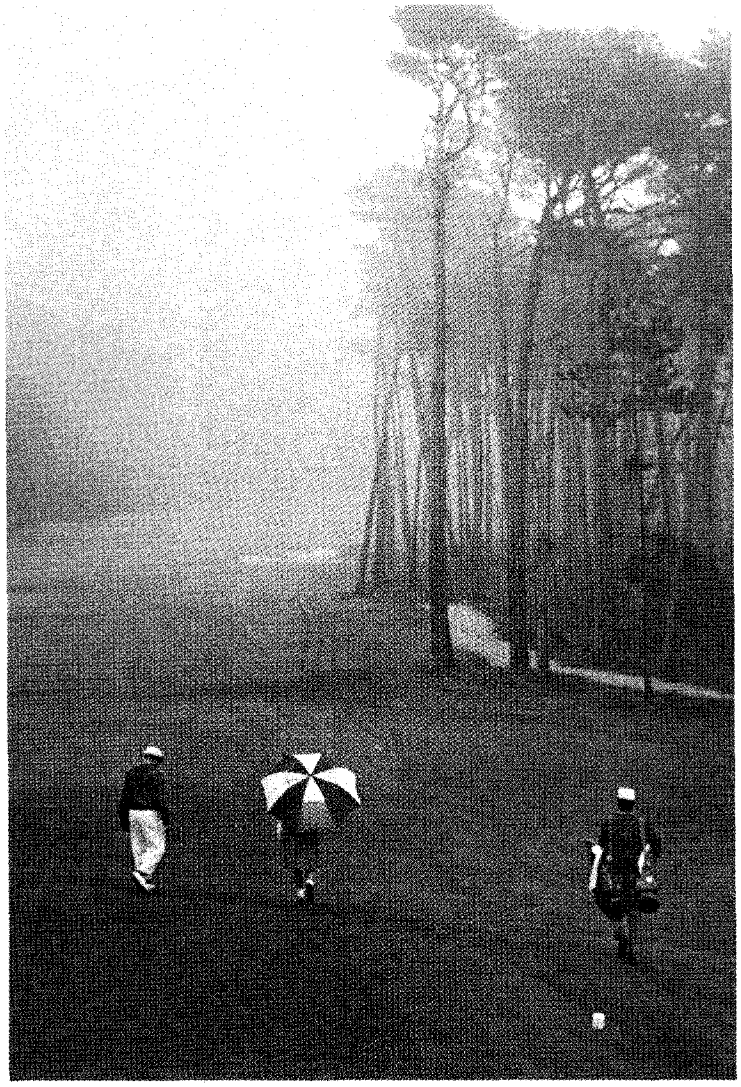

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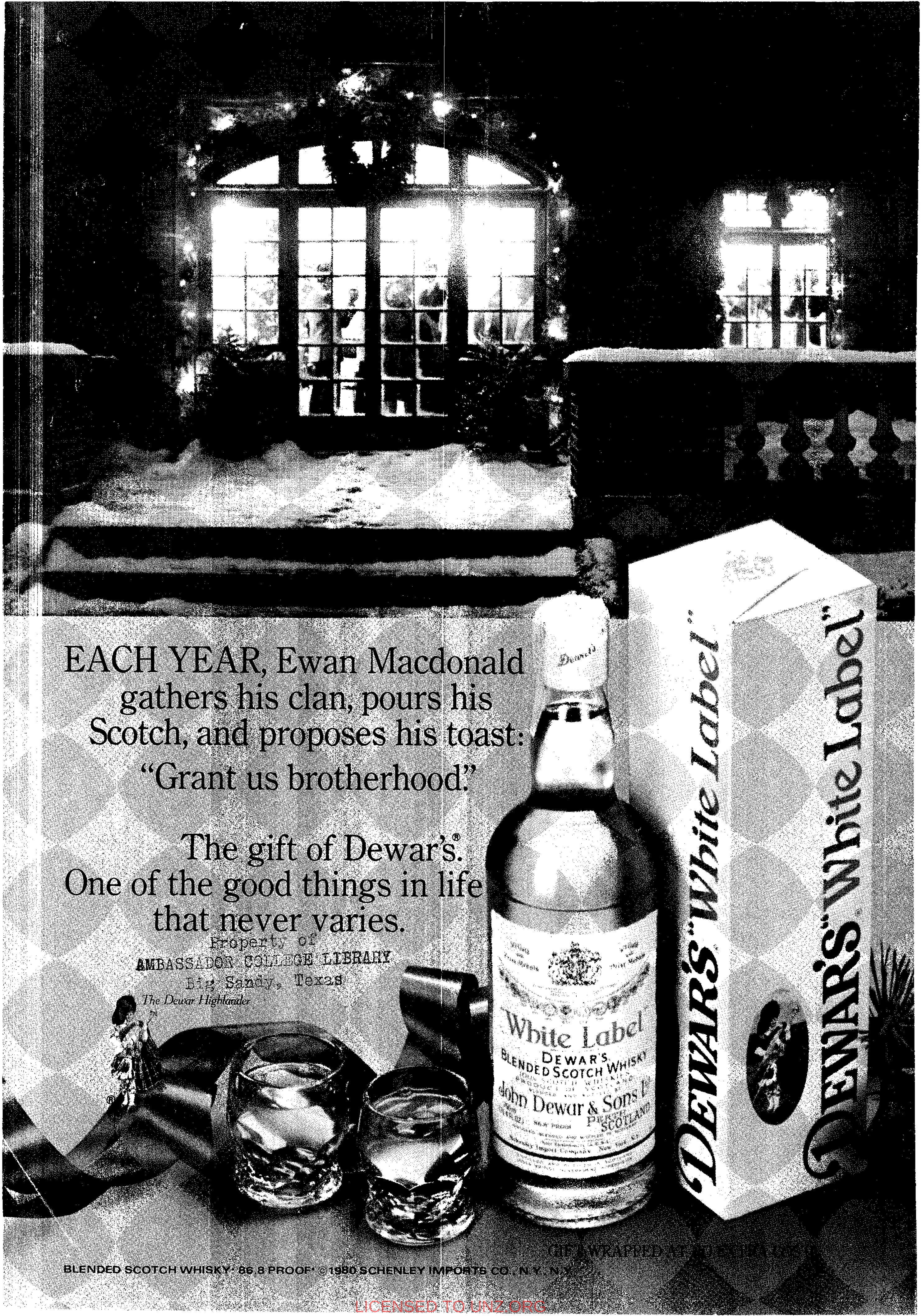
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